THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

SIXTEEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As the mists of morning vanish
From the mountain's fervid ray,
So before life's glowing sunlight
Childhood gently fades away;
Fainter still it grows and fainter,
Silently it disappears;
Fading like a pictured landscape,
With the lapse of years.

On the untried path before me
I can gaze with hopeful eyes,
Though the future's mystic shadow,
Like a veil, upon it lies;—
Brightly through that transient curtain
Gleams the spirit's radiant star:
Leading on, with changeless brilliance,
To the heaven afar.

As that shadow passes onward,
Day by day springs forth to view,—
Roaring on its rushing pinions,
Something strange, or bright, or new;
Ever changing, ever brilliant,
Thus th' hours glide swiftly on;
The glance that marks one pleasure vanish,
Sees another brightly dawn.

While my spirit's fount is gushing
Brightly on, undimmed and free,
It shall be my care to keep it
Pure as now it seems to be.
So should ever my heart seem weary,
Oh the world a desert place,
Shall that fount's reviving waters
Fail it bloom in spring-time grace.

Some there be who frown, and whisper—
Maiden—life is dark and drear;
Fancy's coloring soon will vanish,
Leaving but the sigh and tear.
Care will come, and sorrow's teachings
Lead thee in a stormy way;
Soon flung from the fairy pinions
Sweep aside thy visions gay.

"Hope, the charmer!" soon will perish,
Pressure spread her wings for flight;—
This is but the meteor's brightness
Falling o'er the brow of night
In a dark and rugged valley
Soon thy feet must learn to tread,
While thy soul in gloom and sorrow
Mourns the glory fled.

No; not so! though clouds may gather
Darkly o'er the smiling sky,—
Though the snares of sin and sorrow
Round my narrow pathway lie
Still, amid the gloom and danger,
Hope shall beam with changeless smile.
Faith, with glances heavenward turning,
Light my path the while.

Though the thorns of care and sorrow
Into rank intercourse spring,—
Earthward's nothing all around me
Save their poisonous sting;
Still within my soul shall bloom
Flowers that cannot fade and die,
Fanning out their fragrant odor,
Buds of immortality!

Age may come with heavy footstep,
With his dim and rayless glance,
Silencing the voice of laughter,
Ending pleasure's giddy dance
Yet that finest within my spirit
Still shall gush as pure and free,
Make the weather's cold and darkness,
As in hours of glee.

Time, amid life's changeful visions,
Passes on, and sorrow's gloom,
Would I bear within my spirit
Light each shadow to illume.
And when Death's relentless finger
Lays my form beneath the sod,
Fresh in heart, and pure in feeling,
Yield my life to God!

SOPHIE EVERGREEN

Philadelphia, 10 mo., 7th, 1849.

Original Novelet.

THE
DESERTED WIFE.
(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXX.

TREASMENT.

"He, in whom
My heart had treasured all its hopes and pride,
Proves faithless . . . . . *Euripides' Medea*

It was the first of November; a Sabbath day; it had rained all night; the dawn of morning found the rain still pouring down in torrents; it was a dark, dark day; so dark that a twilight gloom hung over all the house, so cold and wet that a damp chill pervaded the house. The family met at breakfast in the back drawing-room; a good fire had been kindled; but neither the cheerful fire, nor the exhilarating coffee could raise the spirits of the little party. Hagar was wretchedly pale and haggard. Raymond's gaiety was so evidently assumed as not to be mistaken even by the unsuspicious Rosalia. Rose looked from one to the other in unconcealable distress. Seeing that Raymond tried to make himself agreeable, while Hagar fully indulged her gloom, Rose again as usual settled it in her own mind that Hagar was the offending, and Raymond the suffering party.—When they arose from the table, when Raymond walked to the front drawing-room windows and stood there looking out upon the black sky and pouring rain, and when Hagar rising withdrew from the room and went up stairs, Rose looked around in perplexity, to a sort of sad lostness, not knowing what to do with herself, scarce feeling able to keep her feet, for loneliness and dreariness. At length with sudden inspiration she ran up stairs to seek Hagar. She entered her bedchamber without knocking, and found her seated alone by the window, in an attitude of deep dejection. She went up to her, and throwing her arms around her neck burst into tears, weeping freely over her shoulder. Hagar quietly disengaged her arms and gently pushed her off. Rosalia sank upon a cushion at her feet, and dropping her head upon her lap, sobbed out,

"Hagar! oh! what is the matter? Hagar! tell me, tell me, what is the matter? Oh, dear me! The house grows more sorrowful every day; time passes like a funereal train, leading shortly to the grave. Oh! I feel faint, sick, dying of gloom, of coldness and darkness in seeing your sorrow, and not being admitted to share it, and not being able to do anything to alleviate it. Hagar! tell me; perhaps I can do something for you; I love you so much, dear Hagar! and surely love can help sorrow to bear its burden. Oh, Hagar! let me do something for you!"

She was looking so beautiful; so winsome! with her pleading, coaxing attitude and expression, with her soft, white fingers pressed together, with her blue eyes raised floating in tenderness and love to her face. She was looking so beautiful! so graceful! so irresistibly charming in her child-like humility and gentleness! Hagar thought of her husband's heart and looked at Rosalia. The fire flamed in and out upon her cheeks, burned on her lips, and shot lightning through her eyes—rising she pushed Rosalia off, and walked away.

"Oh! it is I! It is I, who have offended you somehow! what have I done, Hagar? dear Hagar!" exclaimed Rose, following her, weeping.

"Nothing! nothing! Oh! go away!"

"Have I not done something to offend you?"

"Nothing, Rosalia. Oh! leave the room, do!"

"You are angry with me!"

"No! no! not with you!"

"With whom, then?"

"Rosalia! leave the room this moment, when I tell you; haven't I said that I would not be questioned?"

"Hagar! yes, I will go. One word, let me say one word, and then I *will* go. Hagar, I suppose it is Raymond—you are angry with him! Hagar, oh! do not treat him so badly, cruelly; make up with him, please do; see how unhappy he is! see how hard he tries to be pleasant; but his cannot disguise his sorrow. Oh! done me! what does make you two fall out so? Oh! dear me! I do wish I was in Heaven—*all I love here do make me suffer so much!* so much!" and she fell sobbing into a chair, while the dark clouds lowered, and the rain pattered heavily upon the window.

At last Rosalia arose and left the chamber, crossed the hall, and entered the nursery. Mrs. Barnes and the housekeeper were both engaged dressing the children; they were now nearly five months old, and when they saw Rosalia enter, both began to bound in their nurse's arms, to crow and laugh and hold out their hand joyously to Rosalia. The clouds fled from the young girl's face before the morning sun of their innocence and love, and a tender smile softened her gentle countenance as she floated towards them, murmuring in low music,

"God bless my darlings! God love my angels! they are glad to see me always!"

As the children were now dressed, she sat down in a large chair and received them both into her arms, saying, as they fondled on her,

"Now, Mrs. Collins, and Mrs. Barnes, *look at* you go down to breakfast *together*—you must breakfast together so lately such a dreary day as this—I will mind the babies till you come back."

It was the custom for one of the two matrons to remain in the nursery while the other took her meals. This morning, glad to be relieved by Rosalia's kindness, they set the room in order, brushed the fire, making it blaze cheerfully, and then, while Rose stood up with the children, they wheeled the easy chair in front of it, and left the room together. Rose resumed her seat in front of the blazing fire; it was a large, deep, soft chair, whose wide arms held the maiden and the babies very comfortably. Rose love luxury, and she revelled with the babies in that easy chair, while the fire glowed before her, and the rain pattered without.

Let me stroke out a bird's-eye view of this family as they now stood. It is but daguerreotyping the sky before the descent of the thunderbolt. Raymond walked gloomily up and down the dim vista of the two drawing-rooms, passing now and then at the windows to look out upon the dense, dark clouds that hung like a pall over all things, and to listen to the beating rain. Hagar sat gloomily in her dressing-room, gloomily as we once saw her sit in her childhood in the attic of Heath Hall. Her elbows propped upon her knees, her pale face dropped in the palms of her hands, while her hair fell out of curl all over her; it was no attitude and expression of utter desolation.—The blackened sky, the beating rain were unheeded in the deeper darkness of her own heart, in that deep darkness where was gathering the lightning, was lurking the thunder-bolt. Rosalia sat in the large chair playing with the babies, fondled by them, taking that sweet, baby-talk, melodious but unintelligible as a bird-song to any one but women and children.

Then the door was thrown widely back and Hagar stood within it, with her thin face thrown out in ghastly relief by her black hair and black dress; she came towards Rosalia and paused, gazing with an expression of anguish striking fiercely through her set eyes. Rosalia looked up in surprise and started.

"Give me the children, Rosalia; give them to me! they are mine; they are like me! they are *all* mine! Give them here! You shall not wile their love from me also! Give! give them to me! they are my only consolations. Why don't you give them to me?" exclaimed she, wildly holding out her arms. Rosalia in fear and bewilderment gazed on her with dilated and dilating eyes, scarcely distinguishing, certainly not comprehending one word of her wild appeal. "Give! give them to me!" again exclaimed Hagar, snatching the children to her bosom, "and go, Rosalia! go! go!"

Rosalia got up from the chair and pressing both small hands upon her white temples, stood in amazement!

"Will you go?"

Rosalia dropped her hands, clasping them together, and so left the room, passed down stairs in a dreary, bewildering sorrow, and entered the dusky drawing-room. *Raymond* [illegible] was walking, and *seated* [illegible] on a *deep* [illegible] on the lounge. Seeing him she went and sank down on the lounge by his side, dropping her head upon the side of the lounge in childlike sorrow and humility, exclaiming,

"Oh! Raymond, my heart is broken, broken! I am chilled to death in this cold, cold place—oh! Raymond, where on the wide sea are my friends! Send me to them—oh, Raymond, I shall die if I stay here—*die, die!* I shall!" and heart breaking she burst from her lips between every sentence, [illegible] Raymond from his recumbent position, exclaiming as the fire shot through his spirit pervading blue eyes,

"Has Hagar! has that kite, that wild-cat of mine been teasing you, poor dove?"

"Don't! hush! no!—oh, don't call her it names! don't—it is so dreadful to see two parents so!" He was looking straight in her face. "It kills me so to see it! Raymond! oh do send me to Captain Wilde and Sophie. I cannot please you two, though I have tried so hard to be good—ah! haven't I? but you don't love me, and you don't seem to love each other, and you make each other suffer so much—and, great God! what is it all about?" Her tears gushed forth again, she buried her face in the cushions of the lounge and sobbed as though her heart were struggling in its death throes. His manner changed, he governed himself, or rather he resumed his usual tranquility of attitude and expression, leaning over her fair head, while his elbow rested on the end of the lounge. He looked around, and uneasily watched the door, but he saw nothing for Rosalia. She, also, waited for the entrance of the girl, expecting her every instant. At last she said, to the servant in attendance,

"Let Miss Aguilar know that dinner is ready."

The man left the room and soon returned—

"Miss Aguilar is not well, and begs to be excused," he said.

They raised their eyes, and met each other's gaze of inquiry at the same moment, but neither spoke—at last they rose and sat in consumed upon her absence—each was silent from a private motive of his or her own. Hagar supposed that her harshness had deeply wounded the sensitive girl, (as it really *had*,) and that that was the reason of her absence—while Raymond, of course, *knew* the real cause.

The dreary meal was over—they arose from the table—Hagar was preparing to leave the room. Raymond went after her, and took her hand, looked with a troubled expression into her face—she *must* that strange look with a sad, inquiring gaze.

"Where are you going, Hagar?"

"Up stairs."

"Will you not stay, and pass the afternoon with me, Hagar?"

She looked at him in anxious, in sorrowful perplexity.

"*Do*, Hagar—I need you so much now!"

"Ah!—me want of more attractive company!" exclaimed she, and laughing bitterly, threw off his hand, and left the room.

"Rosalia! Rosalia!" She started out of her slumber and gazed up bewildered for a moment. "You must go to your own room, Rosalia, you are not well," said he, looking away from her.

"Alas! are you angry with me, too? You, Raymond? Every one drives me away, every one! Oh, Father in Heaven, what have I done? Hagar sent me away from her, and then from the children, and now you send me off."

And the child dropped her head, and wept again.

"Go to your room, Rose, go," exclaimed Raymond, rising and walking away in strong agitation.

"Oh! Raymond, you! you, too! to grow cruel to me! Oh, Raymond, what have I done that every one should repulse me—every one that I love?" she cried, following him; "oh, Raymond, if I have done anything wrong, scold me; I had rather stay here with you and be scolded, than go away by myself; tell me what I have done, that you all should repulse me so much, that all I love should drive me from them?"

He waved her a gesture of desperate rejection as he still walked away, until he reached the window where he stood setting his teeth, sternly, folding his arms in a strong rivet, bracing every nerve, and staring with set eyes unconsciously through the panes; she followed him, stood by his side, pleading, cooing in her dove-like tones.

"Girl! you will madden me! go! go!" he exclaimed, without turning around.

"Tell me! just tell me, how I have offended you all, Raymond? Oh! I am so unhappy! so lonesome—no one loves me, now! tell me why?" She laid her soft hand upon his arm and bending forward looked up in his face with her tender and coaxing gaze.

The effect was electrical! Turning, he suddenly caught and strained her to his bosom, exclaiming, "My flower! my dove! my lamb! my angel! Rose! oh, *Rose!*" and pressing burning kisses upon her brow and lips between every breath and word. "Love you! I love you; more than life, soul, Heaven, God! Love you! my joy, my destiny! *love you!* let me have you and die! give yourself to me, and the next hour let me die, die!" His arm encircled her beautiful and slender form like a chain of fire, and hot kisses rained upon her face.

And she! Tides of blood rolled up and over bosom, cheek and brow, like flame, and passed, and then she grew faint and weak in his grasp, the color all paled in her cheeks, leaving them snowy white, the light fled from her eyes, leaving them dim and heavy with drooping lids—aye, the very brightness seemed to fade from her golden ringlets, leaving the pale yellow hair falling away from ashy brows and temples—she seemed fainting, dying in his embrace; alarmed he looked at her, his reason returned, he bore her to the sofa, and laying her on it knelt by her side, gazed mournfully at her, half believing her to be expiring.

"Rosalia! oh, God! what have I done!" She shuddered from head to foot. "Rosalia! oh, I am so sorry, so sorry, Rose!" She raised her heavy eyelids languidly and fixed them sorrowfully on his face, then dropped them as a quick flush spread over her face, faded, and left her paler than ever. "Rose! Rose! forgive me, I was mad, mad." Again she looked at him mournfully, her pale lips moved, but no sound came thence. "Rosalia! oh, Rosalia!" speak to me—say that you forgive me, or put your hand in mine in token of forgiveness!" She raised one pale hand feebly, but it fell heavily upon the sofa again. "You do forgive me, Rosalia, my pure angel! my holy angel! you do forgive me!" Rosalia shook her head sadly—Raymond dropped his face into his hands and groaned; soon he felt his hands touched by a soft hand that struck the whole "electric chain" of his being; dropping his hands he saw Rosalia looking sadly, lovingly at him, morning very hastily.

"Forgive me, the fault was *mine*—mine *first*, mine *only*; the sin of ignorance—alas! I have nothing to forgive! forgive me!"

"Rose! my Rose!" She sighed deeply. He raised her in his arms, and gazed mournfully in her face. She could not bear that gaze; raising her hands she softly pressed them over her face. He groaned "God! my God! why do I love you so! she was right after all—poor Hagar!" Deep sighs broke from Rosalia's bosom; she made many feeble attempts to free herself, but did not attempt to resist her; but an overpowering weakness overcame her; she yielded to the spell that held her enchained, and so she lay—her face concealed by the veil of golden curls she had dragged across it, her frame shuddering from time to time until she sank in the collapse of exhaustion. And there he knelt—reproaching himself bitterly, yet, sinning on—gazing eagerly with his lips struck apart at her pale cheek through its glittering veil of hair, watching, silently praying for a responsive glance. At last he said, "Rosalia! darling Rose, go to your room, love; it is not safe or well to stay here—go, Rose;" she gave him her hand, and he raised her up.

He raised her up—she stood pale, trembling, but obedient, ready to go. She walked with tottering steps towards the door. He went and opened it—held it open for her—she passed, and as she passed, raised her eyes to his face, met his eyes full of anguish looking down upon hers, turned and threw herself in his arms, exclaiming,

"Oh, Raymond! Raymond! you are so unhappy!—I am so miserable to see you thus! Oh, Raymond, is it I? is it I that have made you so? Tell me! tell me! can I dissipate it?—can I drive your sadness away? Would my death do it, Raymond? if so, I would die for you! I would *fall* I *come to my senses!*" said Rose, pressing her temples. "I am done to death—*alone to death.*"

"I do not understand you, Miss Aguilar," said the old lady, seating herself, and looking steadily and severely at the girl.

"Don't look so hard at me, Mrs. Collins, please don't—oh! I am *sorry*—yes, I must be!—yes, I must be! Oh! Mrs. Collins, I have been delirious—delirious within the last hour, and I am insane still!—*insane still!*—Look! my God!—I did not know before that people could be crazy and *insane*, and not be able to get well!"

"*What has turned you crazy, Miss Aguilar?*"

"Oh! don't call me 'Miss Aguilar,' *every time, and don't look so hard at me!*" cried Rose, covering her face with her hands.

"Rose is looking at you, Miss Aguilar, and you cannot cover your face from Him!" said the old lady, severely.

"I do not wish to, indeed," replied Rose, meekly, uncovering her face once again. "I do not wish to; but I *do* wish He would take away my—would catch me up from the earth—would send my angel mother to fetch me!"

Mrs. Collins did not reply to this; she sat by the fire, seemingly unwilling to converse with her. At last she said—

"Did you ever mention to your cousin your wish to return to Maryland, Miss Aguilar?"

"No, I did not."

The old lady looked disapprobation, but inquired,

"May I presume to ask why, Miss Aguilar?"

"I have made several attempts, but Hagar gives me no opportunity of speaking to her at all!"

"Not to-day, Miss Aguilar?—not a half-hour before this?"

"Oh, to-day—to-day—I *could* not talk to her—could not *look* at her or bear her look!"

The old lady now grew positively pale, and shrunk away from the side of the girl. Rosalia followed the gesture with deprecating eyes.

"You must excuse me, Miss Aguilar, but all this is very horrible—very"

She spoke, Miss Aguilar, of your wish to follow your friend, Mrs. Wilde; as that is quite impossible, why not now go back to Maryland—to your future moth—to Mrs. Bancombe?"

"Yes, yes; I will do that, if they will let me—I wish to do it!"

"Mrs. Withers will very gladly assist your departure, Miss Aguilar."

"Will you ask her?"

"I will."

"Go now and do it; let it all be arranged during these rainy days, so that as soon as the bad weather is over I shall be able to set out; it is no use to put off the journey until we can write to Emily and she can reply to our letter or come after me; *that* would make the interval too long. Some one will be travelling down to Washington just at this season. Yes, members of Congress will be going soon, and Hagar can send me with some gentleman's family; or, at all events, I can travel alone—I am not afraid of *weather* now! not now! My God! not of death in any shape or form. Go, now! go to Hagar, Mrs. Collins!"

The old lady arose and left the room, full of the darkest suspicions; she found Hagar in the nursery. After a little desultory conversation, she remarked, as composedly as she could—

"Miss Aguilar has been with me, and she is very well bred,—partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness,—that you never thought of her in reference either to plainness or beauty; she was all in all; occupied, without fatiguing the attention; charmed by her pleasant voice; while the earnestness and truth that beamed in her bright blue—very blue—eyes, made of value every word she uttered,—her words were always well chosen; her manner of expression was graceful and natural; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she knew how to *listen* as well as to *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to the society of which, at the time, she formed a part; while listening to her, she continually recalled to me the story of the fairy whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they opened.

"Miss Edgeworth was remarkably neat and particular in her dress; her feet and hands were so very small as to be quite a child-like. I once took a shoe of hers to Melnotte's, in Paris, she having commissioned me to procure her some shoes there, and the people insisted that I must require them '*pour une jeune demoiselle*.'"

EDGEWORTH HOUSE.

We are indebted for the above engraving of the dwelling in which Maria Edgeworth passed nearly the whole of her life, to the proprietors of "Sartain's Magazine." Edgeworth House is, as will be seen, an edifice of no antiquity, and built with a reference more to comfort than to style. Mrs. Hall says of Miss Edgeworth:

"In person she was very small,—smaller than Hannah More,—and with more than Hannah More's vivacity of manner; her face was pale and thin, her features irregular; they may have been considered plain, even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manner so entirely well bred,—partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness,—that you never thought of her in reference either to plainness or beauty; she was all in all; occupied, without fatiguing the attention; charmed by her pleasant voice; while the earnestness and truth that beamed in her bright blue—very blue—eyes, made of value every word she uttered,—her words were always well chosen; her manner of expression was graceful and natural; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she knew how to *listen* as well as to *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to the society of which, at the time, she formed a part; while listening to her, she continually recalled to me the story of the fairy whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they opened.

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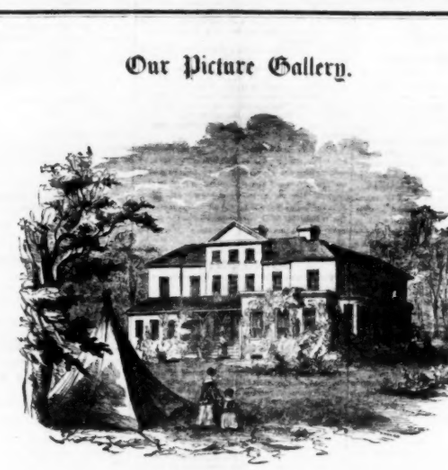
Our Picture Gallery.



Selected Poetry.

FROM SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

ALONE.

BY FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

Once more alone—and desolate now for ever.
In truth, the heart whose home was once in thine
Once more alone on Life's terrific river,
All human help exulting I resign.

Alone I leave the tempest and the terror,
Alone I guide my being's fragile bark,
Alone the Past with all its grief and error,
Since Heaven still bends above my pathway dark.

At last, I taste the joy of self-reliance,
At last I reverence, calmly, my own soul;
At last, I glory in severe defiance
Of all the wrong that would my fate control.

Eloquent sounds above the waves of sorrow
The lark, ow's lightest breath could ever silence—
Which,
It turns triumphant to the radiant morrow—
Faith at the mast and Courage at the helm.

Away! away! its pure sail softly swelling
With the glad gale, that springs to speed its flight,
The beauteous sunset of the Past foretelling
How rich shall be the Future's morning light.

Too long a trusted Love, the treacherous pilot,
Who, lingering, lured it toward the whirlpool wild,
And, ally discord to man's every relief,
Forgot the glorious shore afar that smiled.

But now untrammelled, buoyant as a bird,
Without one outward fear, one poor regret
By Heaven's melodious breath to rapture stirred,
It springs, inspired, with all its white sails set.

And rosy heavens may crown it from its duty,
Where Joy eupire its weaving garlands twist,
And other barks, freighted with love and beauty,
May tempt, but it glides onward with the gale.

True to its destined port, through storm and shine,
Though rude be heat and waves in fury rise,
In human light a burning hope divine,
For ever bright, though tempests sweep the skies!

* Son "Bronzé," by Madame Rayland.

A Word in Season.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

A NOVEL TEST.

BY A COUNTRY EDITOR.

[We commend the following story to all non-paying subscribers to periodicals and newspapers. —ED. LADY'S BOOK.]

"Every man," says Burke, "has his price." There is a great deal more involved in this than is generally supposed; and hundreds who indignantly reject it as a libel on human nature, show, almost daily, that they have their price. The sentiment just quoted is most commonly understood to mean, that there is a certain degree of consideration, by which every man may be tempted into a violation of honor and honesty. But this is only its most palpable and grossest signification; and, thus interpreted, it will not bear a universal application. Hundreds and thousands, who are constantly giving evidence, in one form or another, that they have their price, would reject, with indignation, any attempt to bribe them from integrity, no matter how large the consideration offered.

What then does it mean? is asked. Simply, that every man, by nature, has an evil will; and that there is some form of temptation which, as an easily besetting sin, will draw him aside from a just regard to his neighbor's rights, unless he be sanctified by a true religious principle formed in his mind after he has attained the age of rationality and freedom. And it is not speaking too boldly to say, that no man reaches the age of rational freedom, without, to something, small or great, being drawn aside into acts that were not just to others, in proof thereof, let every man examine his own heart and review his own life. Beyond this, no evidence is asked to substantiate the position that every man has his price. One will yield a point of principle, in order to secure some trifling advantage. Another will speak ill of his neighbor, from the fact that it makes him feel pleasant to do so—the pleasurable feeling in so piece. Another, whose love of reputation, or desire to have the credit of being a truly honest man, in order to insure success in others, leads him to strict rectitude before the world, will withhold a sixpence or shilling of the full amount readily due to a poorer, coal-heaver, wood-sawyer, or other poor persons from whom he has received a service, and experience a feeling of satisfaction at having saved the paltry sum. In these a question of the fact, that such men have their price? None. Hundreds and thousands thus sell themselves daily and hourly, who would reject, as an insult, beyond atonement, an offer of money to make a false accusation against another, or betray a friend, or his country.

Let every one examine his own heart and his own conduct, and see if, on certain acts of his life, so sacred as almost to pass without his reflecting upon them, he is not, for a consideration fell to be insurable, parting with honor and integrity? The examination is worth making.

But we are saying too much by way of introduction to a little affair, that occurred in a certain town that shall be nameless, and, perhaps, rendering obscure, by many words, what we wished to make clear.

Mr. Justice Gregory was a city magistrate, in the town of Y——, and had the reputation of being an honest man. He was spoken of as "Honest Squire Gregory" by every one; and, knowing the reputation in which he was held, he felt not a little pride thereat. And few men were more strictly honest than Squire Gregory. In his dealings, he was careful to regard others' rights as well as his own, and more frequently called and paid such bills as happened to be against him, than waited for them to be sent in.

"I don't know how others view the matter," he used to say, "but, for my part, when I have enjoyed the property obtained from another, it seems to me that the least I can do is to pay for it."

"If money is not worth calling or sending for, it is not worth having," was the usual reply to this. "I wish I could get my own by simply calling for it. You may be sure I would think it no hardship."

"Perhaps not," returns Squire Gregory, "but that doesn't remove the simple obligation under which every man lies, to pay what he owes the moment he has the ability to do so. The waiting-to-be-called-on system, is grounded, say what you will of it, in a secret reluctance to pay what is justly due. Now, I don't call that a clearly honest feeling. I know what it is—I've felt it hundreds of times; and have to fight against it now. We all have our weaknesses."

It happened, one day, that Squire Gregory and his character for honesty, formed the subject of conversation among several persons, one of whom was the editor of a newspaper published in the town.

"Squire Gregory," remarked the latter, after listening for some time to what was said, "is, no doubt, one of the most honest men living. Still, I do not believe him to be strictly so."

"While I believe," said one of the company, "that Squire Gregory could not be tempted, in the value of a sixpence, to wrong another by withholding what was justly his due, or by over-reaching in a bargain."

"Understand, gentlemen," said the editor to this, "that I think as highly of Squire Gregory as any man in town. But I am satisfied that I can put him too test, as well as every man present, that will show a palpable disregard to the plainest and most common-sense views of honesty. The fact is, and it's no use trying to deny it, we all, as Burke says, have our price.—That is, appertaining to all some weakness, or easily besetting sin, that leads us, almost unawares, into acts for which our neighbors suffer wrong, either in person, property or reputation.—Or, if not led into direct acts, we are betrayed into omissions of duty by which others are equally wronged."

"Then we are evil of necessity," said one.

"No, not by necessity, but by nature."

"What is the difference?"

"Necessity would make the state a fixed one; but inherited evil propensities may be overcome; and it is the duty of every man to search into his heart and life, and to see in what he is tempted of this nature to do wrong to others. When he has discovered the lurking devil in his breast, let him cast him out, as he can if he will."

"Hough!" That's your theory! And so you don't thank our Squire Gregory honest in every thing?"

"I do not."

"Well, all I have to say is, if he is not a strictly honest man, I don't believe there is one in the world."

"I don't know how that may be," replied the editor. "I only know that we are all born with propensities to seek our own good, at the cost of even the rights of our fellow-men; and that no man rises superior to this evil state, without many and sore struggles with the evil will that is ever prompting him to unjust actions. Even the best are not wholly good."

"No, of course not."

"Nor do I believe Squire Gregory to be perfectly honest in all his dealings with the world," added the editor.

"Then you think him wilfully dishonest in some things?"

"No. I do not say that. But I am well satisfied that I could probe him in such a way as to show that, by a neglect, almost wilful, he has wronged for years, and still wrongs, his fellowman. That he has enjoyed, in fact, the goods of another without paying for them."

"That's rather a grave charge."

"I know it is."

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"Certainly."

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"Oh! you're trying to play off a pleasant joke," said the Squire, brightening.

"No—not by any means," was replied. "B—— is perfectly serious. In fact, he won't admit that any man is, by nature, strictly honest. And knows that even the best sometimes permit themselves to be led away by some easily besetting sin into acts of wrong to others.

"Perhaps he is right there," said the squire. "But I should very much like him to put his hand on any act of mine, by which another has suffered wrong. Let him point to the fact, and I pledge myself to make restitution and reparation instantly."

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"Oh, certainly! Speak out. Lay your hand upon the act, and I will acknowledge it."

Still, though the squire said this promptly, his countenance wore a serious and retrospective aspect. He was, plainly enough, running over the past, to see wherein he had been derelict.

B—— smiled, half humorously, and then said:

"Squire Gregory, I think I have seen at your seat and review his own life. Beyond this, no evidence is asked to substantiate the position that every man has his price. One will yield a point of principle, in order to secure some trifling advantage. Another will speak ill of his neighbor, from the fact that it makes him feel pleasant to do so—the pleasurable feeling in so piece. Another, whose love of reputation, or desire to have the credit of being a truly honest man, in order to insure success in others, leads him to strict rectitude before the world, will withhold a sixpence or shilling of the full amount readily due to a poorer, coal-heaver, wood-sawyer, or other poor persons from whom he has received a service, and experience a feeling of satisfaction at having saved the paltry sum. Is there a question of the fact, that such men have their price? None. Hundreds and thousands thus sell themselves daily and hourly, who would reject, as an insult, beyond atonement, an offer of money to make a false accusation against another, or betray a friend, or his country.

Let every one examine his own heart and his own conduct, and see if, on certain acts of his life, so sacred as almost to pass without his reflecting upon them, he is not, for a consideration fell to be insurable, parting with honor and integrity? The examination is worth making.

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must deduct twenty-five per cent. for expenses, besides commissions. After that, how much do you think would be left for the publishers?"

"Why don't they appoint local agents? That would cure this nuisance."

"And have to send a collector, in the end, to get the money out of the local agent's hands."

"Let them appoint honest men, then."

"How is a publisher, a thousand miles away, going to know who is honest? He may select thirty honest men, in thirty different places, and not one dishonest one, in two other places. The ten dishonest agents will collect promptly, and keep the money; and the thirty honest ones will have, perhaps, too much to attend to matters of their own, to look after the publisher's interests. I've seen the practical working of this system, and know precisely what are its evils."

"Then I can only say," returned the squire, "that publishers must have a pretty hard time in getting what is justly their due."

"You may well say that, Squire Gregory."

"What is the remedy?"

"For every man who takes a periodical to feel that he is bound in honor and honesty to pay for it."

"I feel that; and yet I have not paid for the Lady's Book in two years, nor for the Post in three. I have not had the opportunity."

"Rather say, esquire, that your honest and honorable feelings have not been permitted to come into activity."

"There has been no opportunity."

"Perhaps you are mistaken as to that."

"Oh, no. Not at all."

"Would you embrace the opportunity now, if it were presented?"

"Certainly I would."

"Give me a sheet of paper and a pen," said the editor.

They were handed to him, and he sat down and wrote:—

"Mr. L. A. Godey,

"*Dear Sir*:—Enclosed you will find twelve dollars. Sir, for my two years subscription due the Lady's Book, and see that I never trouble you to hand over to the publishers of the Saturday Post. I do not have receipts by return mail."

"Do you understand that?" said B——, handing the sheet of paper to the squire.

Squire Gregory read over what was written; paused to reflect for a moment; and then taking up the pen, signed the letter.

"You are right—you are right, my friend," said he, as he took out his pocket book, and selected the bills necessary to send. "I ought to have thought of this before. In fact, to tell the truth, I did think of it several times—but—but the truth is, I neglected it. In other words, to speak out plainly, I have not been honest between man and man in this thing at least."

The individuals who had come to witness the test to which Squire Gregory was to be subjected, did not exhibit a very lively state of feeling in regard to the same. One smiled briefly, another looked slightly grave, and another moved towards the door. The eyes of B—— were on them, and there was a mischievous twitching about his lips.

"Haven't I used out my cane?" said he, addressing his companions.

"I rather think you have," returned one, with a shrug.

"Clearly?"

"Well, I suppose so. Still, I can't see that the squire is much to blame."

"Beg you pardon;" said the squire; "I think I am a good deal to blame. Here, for two or three years, weekly and monthly, have I and my family been enjoying these excellent publications, each number of which has been sent with a cost of trouble fully equal to that would have been required of me to send, once in the year, the trifling subscription money in a letter by mail.—Now, as far as I am concerned, I don't call this right, or excusable under any plea. In fact, gentlemen, I acknowledge the rod—I was not honest in the matter, for I withheld what was due another, when I might and should have paid it. If all their subscribers are no better than 'honest' Squire Gregory, Heaven help them! That's all I've got to say. And now, gentlemen, if any of you are in the same category with me, just go home and make a clean conscience of it."

The number of letters mailed for editors and publishers, that day, in the town of Y——, was altogether unprecedented. B—— estimates that nineteen-like—he say to their dollars went on to the East. His own receipts, before the sun went down, were over thirty dollars.

The Gold Region.

LETTER FROM BAYARD TAYLOR.

We copy below one of Bayard Taylor's interesting letters from California to the New York Tribune. This is his first after landing, and was written on the 13th of August. It will be read with peculiar interest, giving, as it does, his first impressions of San Francisco, and abounding with interesting facts in relation to that wonderful region of country, its population, habits of the people, &c.

The Ohio's boat put us ashore at the upper landing, at the foot of a steep bank, from which a high pier has lately been built into the bay. A large vessel lay at the end, discharging her cargo. We scrambled up through piles of luggage, and among the crowd collected to witness our arrival, picked out two Spaniards to carry it to a hotel. The barren side of the island before us was covered with tents and canvas houses, and nearly in front, a large two-story building displayed the sign, "Fremont Family Hotel."

We were only in the suburbs of the town, traversing the shoulder of the hill, the view extended all around the curve of the bay, and hundreds of tents and houses appeared, scattered all over the heights, and along the shore for more than a mile. A furious wind was blowing down through a gap in the hills, filling the streets with clouds of dust. On every side stood buildings of all kinds, large or half-finished, and the greater part of them were canvas sheds, open in front, and covered with all kinds of signs, in all languages. Great quantities of goods were piled up in the open air. The want of a place to store them. The streets were full of people, hurrying to and fro, and of as diverse and bizarre a character as the home Yankees of every possible variety, native Californians in *serapes* and sombreros, Chilians, Sonorians, Kanakas from Hawaii, Chinese with long tails, Malays armed with their everlasting *creeses*, and others in whose embrowned and bearded visages it was impossible to recognize any nationality. We came at last into the place, and made for the Parker House, a two-story frame building on the lower side. At the corner above the American flag was flying from a pole in front of the Custom-House.

No place was to be had; but, through a friend, we succeeded in obtaining lodgings at the City Hotel, at $12 a week each, board $20 a week additional. A room containing two cots, two chairs and a table was given to two of us; some of the passengers, less fortunate, paid $3 in another place for the privilege of sleeping on the floor. The fare was ample, and of excellent quality—fine, fresh bread, cream, capital butter, and California beef, which is the best in the world. Speculation commenced with the moment of landing.—The most ingenious and successful operation was made by Mr. Fitz, of New York, who brought 1,000 Weekly and 500 Daily Tribunes. He sold the whole lot in less than two hours, at *one dollar a piece!* Hearing of this, I took about a dozen papers, which I had used to fill up crevices in my valise, and sold them for $10 to a man who wanted to retail them. I was satisfied with the wholesale price. Papers of late date, I am told, bring $1 at the mines.

I set out for a walk before dark, and climbed a hill back of the town, passing a number of tents pitched in the hollows. The scattered houses spread out before me, and the crowded shipping on the harbor, backed by a lofty line of mountains, made an imposing picture. The restless, feverish tide of life in that little spot, and the thought that what I then saw and would see, will hereafter fill one of the most marvellous pages of all history, rendered it singularly impressive. The feeling was not decreased on talking with some of the old residents, (that is, of six months' standing,) and hearing their several months' experience. I heard and saw, and was forced to believe, yet I am almost afraid to write, hoping that it will be generally believed. Let me give a few instances of the enormous and unnatural value put upon property here, at present.

The Parker House, a building 40 feet front by about 60 deep, rents for $110,000 yearly. At least $60,000 of this is paid by gamblers, who hold nearly all the second story. Adjoining it on the right, is a canvass tent, 15 by 25 feet, called "El Dorado," and occupied by gamblers, which brings $40,000. On the opposite corner, a building called the "Miners' Bank," used by Wright & Co., brokers, brings $30,000. It is about half the size of our fire-engine houses at home. On the left of the Parker House, a small two-story frame building, which is just finished, has been taken at $80,000. The second story contains light gaming rooms, and the whole pays $600 a night. Bonifacio Van Dyke & Belden pay $40,000 rent; the United States Hotel, $36,000; the Post Office, $7,000, and so on to the end of the chapter. A friend of mine, who wished to find a place for a law office, was shown a cellar in the earth, about 12 feet square and 6 deep, which he could have at $2.50 a month. The owner came here about three months ago, without enough money to pay his passage; he is now worth $60,000. One of the common soldiers at the battle of San Pasquale, is now among the millionaires of the place, with an income of $50,000 monthly. A noted firm has $119,000 loaned out at ten per cent. a month (think of that, Wall street!) and could easily dispose of double the amount in the same way. A citizen of San Francisco died insolvent last fall to the amount of $41,000. His administrators were delayed in settling his affairs, and his real estate advanced so rapidly in value, meantime, that after his debts were paid, his heirs have a yearly income of $40,000. These facts are indubitably attested. Every one believes them, yet hearing them talked of daily as a matter of course, one at first cannot help feeling as if he had been eating of the "insane root."

What I saw that night and yesterday satisfied me that the half is not yet told. Business was over about the usual hour, and then the harvest-time of the gamblers commenced. Every "hell" in the place, and I did not pretend to number them, was crowded, and immense sums were staked at the monte and faro tables. A boy of fifteen, in one place, won about $200, which he coolly pocketed and carried off. One of the gang we brought in the Panama won $1,500 in the course of the evening, and another lost $2,400. A fortunate miner from the mines sometimes has a heap of large piles of ounces on a single throw. His last stake of 100 oz. was lost, and I saw him yesterday dashing through the streets, trying to break his own neck, or that of the magnificent *garoone* he bestrode. I am glad to see that the alcalde, in his last *pronunciamento*, has at last announced that some means be taken to check this infamous business.

The prices paid for labor are in proportion to every thing else. The carman of Mellus, Howard & Co., has a salary of $6,000 a year, and others make their $15 to $20 daily. Servants get from $100 to $200 a month, but the wages paid for the rougher kinds of labor has fallen to about $6. Yet, notwithstanding the number of gold-seekers who return enfeebled and disheartened from the mines, it is difficult to obtain workmen. The cost of building a house is even greater than ever, and ready-made houses command almost any price. A friend of mine bought from the owner, at Panama, a small frame house, which had been shipped on board the barque Rebecca, at New York. He paid $800, which was probably treble its first cost. On reaching here, he found the vessel at anchor in the harbor, and sold his house at once for $4,800. A gentleman who came here in April told me he found but 30 or 40 houses; the population was then no great, that not more than 25 persons would be seen in the streets at any one time. At present, there are probably 500 houses, tents and sheds, with a population, fixed and floating, of 6,000. People who have been absent six weeks, come back and find no recognition in the place. Streets are regularly laid out, and already there are three piers, at which vessels can discharge. Owing to the number of arrivals, however, immense sums are made by lighterring goods ashore. It is calculated that the town is increased daily by from 15 to 20 houses. Its skirts are already spreading up towards the summits of the three hills on which it is located.

The frail nature of the dwellings, and the violence of the daily winds, which here form a greater pest than the *mistral*, or sirocco, of Marseilles, exposes San Francisco to terrible danger. A fire breaking out in the upper part of the city would in an hour's time, sweep every thing clear down to the water's edge. There have already been two slight fires, which fortunately occurred in the early part of the day, and were easily checked, but a catastrophe of much greater extent is almost certain. This will not be the only check to which the business of the place is exposed. The unnatural value which property has so suddenly attained must abate in a short time, and hundreds, whether by this fictitious computation are in possession of immense wealth, will be totally ruined. It is impossible that such a condition of things can continue for a much longer period. Its existence depends alone on the first intoxication of the enrichment and temporary abasement of all former standards of wealth. The crash, when it comes, as come it will, cannot but be tremendous. But it will not be ruinous; the vast amount of energy, intelligence and activity which pours into the country in one unceasing tide, would easily overcome almost a much more threatening barrier. Those who lose will still have a thousand channels of labor open to them, which the vast resources of California will render lucrative for a long time to come. Cities are springing up in all quarters, with a more regular growth, and the trade which was lately concentrated at this one point, is now divided between several others of scarcely less importance. I have already heard enough to know that the bursting of the bubble is universally expected; but as usual, every one counts on the same heedless career of speculation, trusting to some spirit of good luck for his chance of timely escape.

A curious result of this extraordinary abundance of the precious metal, and the facility with which business may be done, is the want of it. At first glance. All business is transacted on so extensive a scale that the ordinary habits of solicitation and compliance on the one hand, and stubborn cheapening on the other, are entirely forgotten. You enter a shop to purchase something; the owner eyes you with perfect indifference, waiting for you to state your want; if you object to the price, you are at liberty to leave, for you need not expect to get it cheaper. He evidently cares little whether you buy it or not. Some one who has been longer in the country tells me, without wasting words. The only exception I have found to this rule was that of a sharp-faced Down-Easter, just opening his stock, who was much distressed when his clerk charged me 75 cents for a coil of rope instead of $1. This disregard for all the petty arts of money-making, is really a pleasant feature of society here. Another equally agreeable trait is the punctuality with which debts are paid, and the general confidence which all (Americans, at least,) seem to have in each other's honesty.—Perhaps this latter I say wrong, in part, for the impossibility of protecting wealth, and the consequent forced dependence on an honorable regard for the rights of others.

Walking through the town yesterday, I was quite amazed to find a dozen persons busily engaged in the street before the United States Hotel, digging up the earth with knives, and crumbling it in their hands. They were actual gold-hunters, who obtained in this way about $7 a day. After blowing the fine dirt carefully in their hands, a few specks of gold were left, which they placed in a piece of white paper. A number of children are employed in this way, who pick out the fine grains by applying to them the head of a pin, moistened in their mouths. A small boy yesterday's load home as the result of half a day's labor. On climbing the hill to the Post Office I observed in places, where the wind had swept away the sand, several glittering dots of the real metal, but, like the Irishman who kicked the dollar out of his way, concluded to wait till I should reach the bay. The presence of gold in the streets is probably occasioned by the leakings from the miners' bags and the sweepings of stores, though some are inclined to think it native in the earth. At any rate, it is a most remarkable sight.

The anxiety of persons here to get news from the Atlantic side is very great. The sound at the Post Office this morning is greater than I ever saw in New York. The whole mail, consisting of 20,000 letters, and I know not how many bushels of papers, is ready for delivery. Mr. Moore and his sons having worked day and night, from the very hour of landing, in order that there should be no delay. This promptness is something unusual in San Francisco, letters by the former steamers having frequently been kept back several days by delays in assorting. The Post Office is a very small and inconvenient place, and Mr. Moore intends removing it to some better location.

Hon. T. Butler King is here at present, having safely returned from an expedition through the mines, with Gen. Smith. He speaks with the utmost confidence of the extent and richness of the gold deposits. Their tour occupied about six weeks, and embraced the region between the Stanislaus and the head waters of the Feather River, containing all the richest placers. Gen. Smith is now at Sonoma, whither Mayor Lee and Smith have gone to join him. He will leave for Oregon in four or five days, making the journey thither by sea, and returning by land. Col. Fremont has been here, but left on Saturday for San Jose, at the head of the bay, where he is erecting a steam saw mill. I met, yesterday, with Mr. Edwin Bryant, author of "What I saw in California." He has just arrived by the overland route, via the South Pass and Great Salt Lake, and is encamped to the conglomerate of an Indian. The stories told by the few emigrants who have as yet arrived by this route, are most distressing. The proportion of deaths by sickness and starvation has been very great, and worse than all many cases have occurred in which persons have been left on the road, to perish by lingering torture. Many have begun to mix brandy with water, with a refinement of malice which it would be impossible to surpass, set the grass on fire several times, subjecting the thousands who followed to infinite peril and suffering. He was pursued by the others and finally overtaken and shot from the saddle as he rode—a fate which he richly merited equal to his deserts. Mr. Derrivage, of New Orleans, who with five others reached here via Chihuahua and the Gila, was so reduced by thirst while crossing the Great Desert, that he became delirious. He is now here, as well as Mr. Frazer, the correspondent of the Picayune. I was glad to meet with Mr. Osgood, the artist, yesterday. He has been here two or three weeks, having dug one season with such good luck that he intends returning to the mines shortly. Mr. Ussel Lyon, who is also residing here, informs me that his boat two days' diggings amounted to $1,012.

The detention of vessels still goes on, and a large number of craft are now lying tenantless in the anchorage. The day we arrived eighteen, belonging to the U. S. ship Ohio, stole a boat and left in a body. They were fired upon from the Ohio and the Warren, but escaped without injury, though their boat was somewhat shattered. As the former vessel is now ordered home she will have great difficulty in keeping her crew on board. All the sailors belonging to the Panama, and all stewards except one, left yesterday. The firemen, engineers and the pieces of silver can easily be filled from the number of persons desirous of returning home.

I have just returned from a tour among the shops, and write hurriedly. To give some idea of prices, I may state that good blankets can be had for $4 a pair; boots about the same; coarse flannel shirts, $3; Mexican spurs, $5, and serapes, $10. This is the extent of my purchases, forming the outfit for a journey to Pueble San Jose, Stockton and the Sonorian diggings, on which I start in another hour, in company with Col. Lyons of Louisiana, and Lieut. Beale. The mules have already been driven in from their pasturage by the *vaquero*, and I must now don the costume of a mountaineer. B. T.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE PUT UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will get Clubs together and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a fav or by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have numerous favors on hand that we have not had time to examine. We will try to dispose of them in next week's paper.

BACK NUMBERS.

New subscribers not wishing the back numbers containing "The Deserted Wife," will please inform us of the fact, they send on their subscriptions. In all other cases they will be sent, until the story is concluded.

MARS AND VENUS.

It is said that MARS is gradually changing its color, for a period of years, and that this year, and next years, become more conspicuous than the former planet.

The above paragraph appears as the introduction to a poem in one of the Boston papers. It is for anything more than a poetic jeu d'esprit, in fact it is very interesting one to those who think they perceive a subtle connection between the outward and spiritual worlds. We find the idea in Milton, and probably it was not original with him, that at the period of the Fall of Man, a change in the heavenly bodies took place, by which caused those inequalities of day and night, of temperature and the seasons, these storms, tempests and convulsions, bearing an analogy to the consequences which resulted in the spiritual world from the first great disobedience. The poet says:

"Some say he bid his Angels turn askance
The poise of earth twice ten degrees from the sun's axle: they with labor pushed
Oblique the centric globe."

Else had the Spring
Perpetual smiled on earth with vernant flowers
Equal in days and nights, except to them
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbeclouded shone, while the low sun
To recompense his distance in their sight
Had rounded still the horizon, and not known
Or east or west, which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan."

Some have also held that as the world advances in intelligence and virtue, as wars become less frequent and the Christian virtues more esteemed, that a correspondent change takes place in nature, that at the time of the millennial era in the progress of ages drawn nigh, outward nature will testify its gladness by genial winds and perpetual though not too fervid summers, by dews and gentle rains,—a fresh and vigorous Spring without its wintry blasts, and Autumn bringing to each of the parties with a refinement of malice which it would be impossible to surpass, set the grass on fire several times, subjecting the thousands who followed to infinite peril and suffering. He was pursued by the others and finally overtaken and shot from the saddle as he rode—a fate which he richly merited equal to his deserts. Mr. Derrivage, of New Orleans, who with five others reached here via Chihuahua and the Gila, was so reduced by thirst while crossing the Great Desert, that he became delirious. He is now here, as well as Mr. Frazer, the correspondent of the Picayune. I was glad to meet with Mr. Osgood, the artist, yesterday. He has been here two or three weeks, having dug one season with such good luck that he intends returning to the mines shortly. Mr. Ussel Lyon, who is also residing here, informs me that his boat two days' diggings amounted to $1,012.

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THE DESERTED WIFE.

We know not what our readers abroad think of this tale, but in this part of the country, it is regarded as one of a high order and great interest. And as it draws towards its close, and that preparations are already being made by our energetic bookselling friends, for the festive times of Christmas and New Year.

The present volume is dedicated to the Sons of Temperance. It contains ten engravings, "The Fountain," "Helen," "Love's Perfidy," &c., &c. The literary matter is by Agnes Strickland, Mrs. Mary Arthur, T. S. Arthur, Miss Pardoe, Mrs. Hale, Kate Sutherland, Miss Phebe Carey, &c. For sale by *J. W. Bradley, 48 North Fourth street, Philadelphia.*

ASPECTS OF NATURE IN DIFFERENT LANDS AND DIFFERENT CLIMATES; WITH SCIENTIFIC ELUCIDATIONS. *By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated by Mrs. Sabine. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* The first edition of this valuable work was published about fifty years ago. The illustrious author now says: "In my eighteenth year, I am still enabled to enjoy the satisfaction of completing a third edition of my work, remodeling it entirely afresh to meet the requirements of the present time." The present edition has been doubled in size—future has been $270,876,00. Of this amount over $167,000 has been expended in the payment of the salaries of teachers. The number of teachers is 696,—82 males and 614 females; of scholars, 43,192—22,592 males and 20,421 females.

HOLDEN'S MAGAZINE. The November number of this magazine, which since the death of Mr. Holden, has been conducted by Mr. Arthur, contains "Moonshines' Expectations," "Susy L——'s Diary," "Aguila Chase," "Going into Winter Quarters," &c. For sale by *W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.*

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCES. *Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D.* The October number of this journal contains a number of valuable articles on subjects of interest to medical men. Published by *Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The last number of the Age contains the usual variety of selections from the British reviews and magazines. *Taylor, Canning & Co., are the Philadelphia agents.*

THE BAPTIST ALMANAC AND ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1850. Published by the *"Baptist Publication Society," at No. 21 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.*

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

LYNN, Oct. 17, 1849.

GENTLEMEN:—When I last had the honor of appearing in your columns, I did not think that so long a time would pass ere my next appearance there—that I should come almost as a stranger. I certainly could never have resigned voluntarily my place in a journal I so highly appreciate, to which I am so much indebted, wherein I feel so thoroughly and comfortably at home. But my engagements, low indeed, but positive and pressing with other publications—travel and sea-shore life, with their constant change and pleasant excitements, have so filled up my time and thoughts with every thing but what I have most desired to perform, to seem to many of my friends sadly ungrateful and ungrateful. But a truce to apologies.

We have had a very quiet time of it here compared with last season, when, you will recollect, we had our full share of sea-shore excitement. We were half-drowned with its amphitheater fun and frolic. Yet I have had much real enjoyment since my coming—I have only taken it in somewhat smaller doses than formerly. You well know my intense love of the sea—my childish fondness for it, and specially, the rich life, the almost intoxicating exhilaration which its very air imparts to me. On these things I may not dwell, or rather dare not, for fear you charge me with girlish extravagance.

I have had some delightful visits in Boston. Salem and Newburyport have been more indebted to the kind attentions of my friends everywhere, than I could tell, should they care to have their goodness thus published abroad.

We have had terrible equinoctial storms: which were unusually severe, as long ere the time, as my trans-Atlantic experience embraced nothing of the kind. I never knew it rain with such passion and fury, and then the wind, the mad, mad wind, how it came raving and roaring and roiling the stupendous waves far up the sandy beach, and high up against the rocks with a shock like thunder! Nahant, it is said, was the scene of much grandeur and terrific beauty all through the storm.—There were some wrecks along the coast, as you will have heard; one where the suffering and loss of life was truly appalling.

The weather has cleared up beautifully—it is rather cold indeed, for the season,—our evenings are especially chilly, but our mornings are fine, and the mellow autumn sunshine lights up the dark hills and gorgeous forests most gloriously.

Apropos of hardihood, I heard a remarkable instance of it the other day. It seems that Governor ——, on board of the steamer on the way to

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1849.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

Our readers have doubtless often seen notices of "Tournaments" at the various fashionable watering places in the "Old Dominion." A correspondent of the Pittsburg Chronicle gives an account of the imposing nature of one of these "Tournaments," which will doubtless fill our lady readers with admiration of "modern chivalry."

During the afternoon of the same day a grand tournament came off in the barn-yard near our hostel. It was a spectacle of no ordinary interest. The ladies, arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow, were seated in a large hay wagon, some eating green apples, while others were regaling themselves with some excellent Scotch ale. Some of the gentlemen were engaged in preparing their horses and knights for the contest, and a few of the sporting gentry were employed in betting "two dollars and a half" on their favorites.

All being now ready, two horsemen suddenly appeared at the sound of a tin horn. *Here Gallery* resound from the interior of a dilapidated barn, and Ivanhoe emerged from an old stable at the other end of the yard. The fair umpire of the day, a rosy-cheeked widow of twenty-six, from a neighboring barn, now waved a red cotton handkerchief as a signal to begin. The horses started at a gentle trot; the knights couched their lances, the ladies clapped their hands, and the crowd of spectators cheered. When the animals, by which I mean the horses, were approaching each other, the charger on which our modern Boss Gilbert was seated, took a sudden "shear," and made all speed for a bundle of hay, which unfortunately had been thrown out of the stable that morning. Reaching it, he commenced eating with an appetite which would do honor to a good Catholic after keeping Lent, nor could the spur and rowelside of his rider drive him away. Ivanhoe, highly incensed, spurred furiously towards his opponent, but an old hen flying from the barn, frightened his Rosinante, and threw him headlong among the ladies seated in the wagon. And thus ended another farce.

ANOTHER LOST CHILD RECOVERED.

The reader will remember that we have spoken of a little girl in possession of the family from whom Mr. Burt, of this city, recovered his boy. That child is claimed by Henry Baumer, of Hoboken. In June, 1846, the child was in company with her mother, at some public occasion, when they became separated. Although the child was missed in a moment, nothing could be heard of her. Her father had searched the Union through, without success, until, seeing our account of the recovery of Mr. Burt's child, he went to Oswego, and recognised in this reputed "twin-sister" of the boy his own child. When he first saw her, he spoke to her in German, and she replied in German, although she had been three years from home. Mr. B. is now in the city waiting the return of the Governor, to obtain a requisition for the arrest of the woman at Oswego.—*Albany Journal.*

She deserves severe punishment.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 144—adults 92, and children 52.

Miscellaneous.

A POET'S AGRICULTURAL REPORTS.

Dr. Wendell Holmes was chairman of the committee on the late Ploughing-Match at Berkshire, Massachusetts. His wit and poetry pervade every line he writes. We extract the following portion of it:

The Committee on the Ploughing-Match are fully sensible of the dignity and importance of the office entrusted to their judgment. To decide upon the comparative merits of so many excellent specimens of agricultural art is a most delicate, responsible, and honorable duty.

The plough is a very ancient implement. It is written in the English language pl-o-u-g-h, and by the Association of Free and Independent Spellers, p-l-o-w. It may be remarked that the same gentlemen can, by a similar process, turn their coughs into coffs, which would be the cheapest mode of raising live stock, but it is to be feared that they (referring to the cows) would prove but lost-lived animals. Some have derived the English word plough from the Greek *plowein*—the wealth's root (coming from the earth) bears much its relation to the latter. But such resemblances between different languages may be carried too far, as, for example, if a man should trace the name of the Alabamaha to the circumstance that the first settlers were all tomahawked on the banks of that river.

Time and experience have sanctioned the custom of putting only plain, practical men upon this Committee. Were it not so, the most awkward blunders would be constantly occurring. The initials which are of every day occurrence, who frequently visit the country during the late season, would find themselves quite at a loss, if an over-strained politeness should place them in this position.—Imagine a trader or a professional man from the Capital of the State unexpectedly called upon to act on such a Committee!

Ploughs-shares are to him shares that pay no dividends. A coulter, he supposes has something to do with a hoiser. His notions of stock were obtained in Faneuil Hall Market, where the cattle look famish enough to be sent to Congress, and the sheep are quite as much at home with the corn-fed orators. He knows it is true, that there is a difference in cattle, and would tell you that he prefers the suckus breed to all others. His chickens are equally unenlightened. They know no more of the poultry-yard than what they have learned from seeing the chickens go and paying on a Turkey carpet. The small amount of knowledge of wood growing is unobjectionable.

The history of one of these summer visitors shows that his rural education must be very imperfect. He no sooner establishes himself than he commences a series of experiments. He tries to drain a marsh, but only succeeds in draining his own pockets. He offers to pay for having a cropped heap carted off, but is informed that it consists of corn and potatoes in an undressed state. He sows abundantly, but reaps little or nothing, except with the implements he uses in shaving, a process which is frequently performed for him by other people, though he pays on barber's bill. He plants a acre more and parcels of grass, so that nobody can see it. But he forgets to make a part of spectacles a queen for his cause, who, taking offence at something else, takes his horse in addition, and makes an invisible one of it, sure enough, in no time. And finally, having thought a machine to bring fodder, which a chopper is a good slice of his dividends and two or three of his children's fingers, he concludes that, instead of cutting feed, he will cut farming, and so sells out to one of those plain, practical farmers, such as you have honored by placing on your Committee, whose pockets are not so full when he starts, but have leaner holes and not so many fingers in them.

Near the brown path to meet his mother's gleam!
Low on the ground, behind his stacking team,
The rich laborer bright down deep on his own burial bone;
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!

Lost in the field before the reddening sun,
Lost in the shadows when the day is done,
Lost alike thus along the hurrying soil
Marks the broad acres where his time have toil
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide.
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves
Mellow and dark the ridge's even-field cleaves.
Up the steep hillside where the laboring team
Strain the long track that scores the level plain;
Through the moist valley stagged with oozing clay,
The patient driver follows his changeless way.
At every turn the loosened share clears
The swinging plough share circles gleaming round.
Off the steel-bright soil lolls over in coarse spatters.
And wearied hands unload the evening stores.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
Toil is the page whose letters shall be seen
Changed by the sun to words of living green;
Toil is the scribe whose unnoticed pen
Spells the first lessons longer taught to men.
These are the lists, oh, Heaven! commanded Toil,
That fill thy deed—the charter of the soil!

Oh, gracious Mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes to joyful and full, on all to rest,
How sweet thy features, kind to every clime,
Mark with their smiles the stricken front of Time!
We stain thy flowers—they bloom on over the dead;
We crush thy homes, and it gives us bread;
Like the red field that trampling strife has torn
Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled corn;
Our maddening conflicts wear thy tainted plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.

Yet, oh, our mother while unmourned chasms
Round the last dusky sleep of those embowing arms,
Let not our virtues in thy love decay,
And thy fond workhouse waste our strength away.

No! by those hills, whose haunters, now deployed,
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed;
By you twin crest, amid the sinking splutter,
Last to disrobe, and first to reappear;
By those fair plains the mountain circle secrets
And feeds in silence from its dark ravines;
True to thee home those faithful arms shall toil
To render with power their own tainted soil,
And true to God, to Freedom, to Mankind,
If her chained bondage Factor shall unbind,
Those stately forms, that brooding even now,
Round their strong manhood to the humbler plough,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
And God's high threshing to the parting sun
The virgin soil returned what the plough-share won!

☞ Bronze and deep blue are now fashionable colors for indoor.

THE TENURE OF LAND IN DIFFERENT TIMES AND COUNTRIES.

[The following historical view, with the exception of a few comments, is condensed from a series of articles in the American Quarterly Register, introduced by the editor as proceeding from a writer "who is particularly averse to all visionary schemes and disorganizing movements." W. F. C.]

I. ENGLAND. Among the ancient Scandinavians the soil was divided among the freemen, who had no power of alienating it, and which passed by descent to the nearest heir. In 863, the feudal system was introduced into Norway, Harold claiming all the allodial property (land exempt from feudal tenure) as belonging to the crown, and requiring a land tax of those who wished to retain their estates. "Throughout Sweden, Norway, Iceland and Finland, the same system of landholding substantially prevails at the present day," a few nobles possessing nearly all the land and the peasantry being but little better than slaves.

In Russia, Lithuania, Livonia, Poland, Gallicia, and all the Sclavonian countries, the owners of the soil constitute a privileged nobility, the cultivators of the land being generally serfs, bought and sold with it. In the immense regions occupied by the Sclavonic tribes, there are probably 75,000,000 human beings who are serfs, Russia alone containing 40,000,000. The principle of succession in these countries requires the constant hereditary division of estates. Under this system, the inequality of wealth among the nobles themselves of Russia and Poland has become enormous. In Hungary, every manor proceeded from the crown, and was subject to reversion on the extinction of legitimate descendants of the feudal proprietor. (The recent revolution in Hungary was heralded by the overthrow of the whole feudal tenure of land, and the enfranchisement of the people.)

"Throughout nearly all the Austrian and Prussian dominions, and in Germany, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, the peasantry and cultivators of the soil are either serfs or feudal tenants." The German Tyrol is an exception. Alison says, "The peasantry are almost all owners of the soil they cultivate, a state of things of all others most favorable to social happiness," a remark amply carried out by the comparative condition and character of the Tyrolese.

In France the feudal tenure of land existed till 1790, when it was utterly torn up by the revolution. Occasional earlier periods of diffusion of the land among the people were marked with prosperity. After the revolution, a compulsory division of the greater part of the real estate left by a proprietor, in equal proportions among his immediate descendants, took effect, and the landholders now amount to several millions, the proportion to the population being greater than in the United States.

In England feudalism still retains its hold, the land owning aristocracy controlling the Government. "In England, in 1775, the soil was divided among 240,000 proprietors." In 1815, it was all owned by 30,000 [illegible] and it is probable the number is still less at the present time. In Scotland the case came before the Courts, whether the Chiefs of Clans or the Dukes of Sutherland, whose ancestors had been acknowledged as feudal superiors, were the owners of land, which the clansmen had occupied for hundreds of years. The courts decided in favor of the Dukes, and in the nine years ending in 1820, *three thousand Highland families* were ejected from their ancient freeholds! In Ireland, landholdism or feudal tenure is still more oppressive. The estate of the Marquis of Hertford embraces about 100 square miles, including about 60,000 acres, lands, rents or tolls of all grades were entertained by him at one time.

II. AMERICA. Feudalism was introduced by the French into their American possessions, and the most fertile portions of Lower Canada are still subject to the feudal tenure, and pay rents to the jurists and tribute to the seigneurs. The ignorance and poverty of the people on the seigniories is noted. The commissioners of the Government in 1843, reported that the feudal tenure should be abolished, as connected in the actual wants of the population, as the relic of a barbarous age, and, in its practical operations, antagonistic to the growth and permanency of free institutions."

In the United States, in Maine, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, extensive manors were created, which, if it had not been for the revolutionary war, would have built up in this country a colossal and overshadowing aristocracy. The claims of Massachusetts to the soil of Maine, and of New York and the Patriot State rested not with indomitable spirit the seeds of feudalism there planted. The political institutions of New York formed approximately a feudal aristocracy, and her landholders where the loyalists in the revolution. The antirent disturbances in that State are familiar to the minister to all. The slave States of the United States present a similar phenomenon in feudalism as regards the distribution of land. The land is owned by a few in large tracts, even the smallest proprietors of Maryland and Virginia which have no waste now being absorbed in plantations of large size, poorly cultivated. In New England and New York there are more farms less than fifty acres than over one hundred, and nine-tenths of the landholders own less than one hundred acres. In Ohio the settled tendency in the North-West the tendency is to a very similar division.

III. HISTORICAL ENTRY AND PRESERVED. It may be inferred from the writings of Menu, the ancient Hindoo lawgiver, that the cultivator was originally the absolute proprietor of his land. Throughout India, from the time of Alexander the Great to the present day, the proprietor of the soil, he who redeemed it from sterility, possessed exclusive ownership, but a *moiety* or tribute in kind was due to the prince and alone could the absolute right to the land be claimed. Moreover, the system of tenure by lease from the crown seems to have introduced, probably by usurpation during great political convulsions.

In ancient Egypt the best part of the land appears to have belonged to the king, the priests, and the warriors. Sometimes and to have absolutely quadrangular portion of land to each individual, from which his own revenue proceeded. The kings in the East are as only regarded as the lords paramount of the land. The Egyptian priests constituted a highly privileged class, possessing extensive estates. The warriors were also possessors of the land, their tenure being military service. A peasantry existed, but they could not have been independent proprietors. In 1811, Mehemet Ali issued and enforced a decree that the whole country belonged to him, and that the people were but laborers on his farms, tenants at will. He required four-fifths of the produce of the land.

After the conquest of Canaan, Moses established an agrarian law in the Jewish nation dividing the land, and providing for its inalienability. At the Jubilee all estates sold for a limited period, reverted to the original proprietor, or his direct descendants, or they might be redeemed at previous periods. This remarkable agrarian law," says Millman, "secured the political equality of the people, and anticipated all the manifests so fatal to the early republics of Greece and Italy—the appropriation of the whole territory of the State by a rich and powerful few, the consequent poverty and consequent convulsions of the community, from the deadly struggle between the patrician and plebian orders," words, which, in connection with England, deserve well to be remembered. It also made permanent proprietors impossible. This was, in the words of Machiavelli, "a law for the constant renovation of the State, according to the first principles of its Constitution." This seems to have been the most humane provision in history, by a nation, for the distribution of its domain.

IV. GREECE AND ROME. Sparta is supposed to have owned its powers and durability to the laws of Lycurgus, among the first and most important of which was a law, dividing the whole of Laconia. The cultivators were the helots, who were bound to the soil, but in return could not be sold or removed. Athens was an aristocracy, in which the means, successfully used in modern civilization, to reduce the industrial class to abject dependence were employed, and chief among these the absorption of the land. With the loss of possession of the soil, the welfare of the people perished.

From the earliest times Rome was embroiled in contests between the patricians and plebians concerning the ownership of the soil. The Senate who were possessed of the political power, had appropriated to themselves all the public lands, which they refused to cede to the plebeians. The sole business of the people was war and agriculture. In the latter, in time of peace, they were superseded by the slaves of the landholding patricians. The first agrarian law proposed in Rome required only that the senate should divide among the people the newly conquered lands and those previously usurped. This law passed, but was evaded or trampled under foot by an aristocracy already entrenched in possession of the soil. Demetrius, Manlius and the Gracchi, who proposed similar laws afterwards, all perished. "The best historians and wisest statesmen of the present day do not hesitate to attribute the downfall of the republic to the insatiable avarice of the rich nobility—to their gradual usurpation of all the land of the State—to their systematic and invariable practice of appropriating all conquered territory among themselves, refusing constantly to share any part of it with the plebeians, and to accomplish their ends, resorting unscrupulously to fraud, corruption, violence, falsehood, and assassination."

☞ A Yankee has just embarked for California with a cargo of india rubber tobacco!

General News.

DO NOT RELY ON APPEARANCES.—We were informed yesterday, by a person who stated it as a fact, that on the landing of the steamship Falcon, an individual came on shore without hat, coat or boots. After looking around him for some time, with a free and easy, independent kind of an air, he called to a drayman and requested him to take charge of a pair of saddle-bags, which were on board of the vessel, and convey them to Hewlett's. With some hesitation the drayman complied with his request, but on attempting to lift the saddle-bags, he found he was unable to do so without assistance. The fact was, that they contained $10,000 in gold, which the coatless, hatless and bootless man had brought with him from California. We will guarantee that his costume to-day would not disgrace an *habitue* of Broadway. Truly appearances are fallacious and deceptive.—*N. O. Pic.*

☞ There are, doubtless, many employers, who pay their operatives promptly; but *I know there are some who do not*: and who shamefully neglect that touching precept:—"*At his day, thou shalt give him his hire; neither shall the sun go down upon it: for he is poor, and setteth his heart upon it: lest he cry against thee unto the Lord, and it be sin unto thee.*"

☞ An Englishman observed a stone roll down a staircase. It bumped on every stair till it came to the bottom; there, of course, it rested.

"That stone," said he, "resembles the national debt of my country; it has bumped on every grade of the community, but its weight rests on the lowest."

☞ Near the White Mountains, N. H., there is a family of *nineteen* children, all by the same parents, the oldest of which is but seventeen.

☞ Three times during the present century the Turks and Russians have been at war, and each time the former have been beaten. The last was in 1829, when a powerful Russian army penetrated the hitherto considered impregnable mountainous barriers of the Balkan, captured Adrianople, and dictated ignominious terms of peace under the walls of Constantinople.

☞ Bricks made of glass are now used in London in the construction of buildings, for the purposes of introducing light without lessening the strength of the walls.

☞ CHARADE.—"My first (syllable) is put on the table and under the table. My second is an article of food. My third and fourth is what all desire and none can do without. My whole is one of the United States."

We venture to guess that the first is *Mat*—the second *Ice*—the third and fourth *Money*—and the whole (the best of "United States"), *Maryland*.

Or. Hesperus, thou bringest all good things.
Home to the weary, to the hungry, cheer,
To the young bird the parent's clustering wing,
To the young mother, her babe nestling near,
Whatever of peace about our hearth-stone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest
Thou bringest, Hesperus, that which I love best.

☞ A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman, and by no means handsome, a wag asked him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the other.—"Every right by the law of nations, as the first discoverer."

☞ The cholera lessons should teach our Boards of Health to issue standing orders, rendering it criminal to bury within cities. In that particular we have strangely departed from the practice of the ancients. The Romans burnt the bodies of the dead, and preserved the ashes in an urn. So long as the Egyptian embalmed bodies, plague was unknown; with the descendants of that ancient race the case is changed. The Code of London is attributable to the horrible corruptions of over-crowded church-yards.

☞ Charles F. Hoffman is now confined in the Baltimore Hospital, laboring under a malady which destroys so many of our most distinguished men of genius.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent for the Northern and South-Western States, assisted by Messrs. *A. Wright, William H. Hall, O. H. Preston, John B. Weld, John Collins, James Darling, Albert K. Wellington, S. S. James, Henry Platt, and B. A. Bonnell.*

Also, CHARLES S. HALL, for and in Arkansas.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the States of Ohio, and Kentucky. *James R. Peck, Dent, T. Garrison Beach, Frederick J. Hunter, John W. Armitage, James Traphe, E. M. Stevenson, W. Ramsey and Perrin Leslie.*

Mr. JOSEPH M. DE LEON, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee.

B. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

CHARLES S. ROWLEY will receive subscriptions and collect bills for the SATURDAY POST.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the vicinity.

GEORGE H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of HOUGHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*

C. MILTON BOULIGNY, *Mobile, Alabama.*

W. H. NOBLE, *Cincinnati, Ohio.*

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S. G. GOODRICH, *Hartford, Connecticut.*

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J. H. CALL & Co., *New Orleans, La.*

JOHN W. RANDOLPH & Co., *Richmond, Va.*

O. W. ADAM, *Washington, D. C.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above Periodical Depots, and the first number of the United States Senate he would obey the instructions of the Legislature on the Wilmot Proviso, both because they were instructions, and because they accorded with his own sentiments.

DEATH BY A DROP OF LAUDANUM.—There is an account in the last number of the New England Surgical Journal, of a child being poisoned by the administration of a drop of laudanum, by the mother, for griping. It was a fine, healthy child, and if lived but eleven hours after the laudanum was administered.

Clippings.

The look betrays the value of tears.
And confidence is the child of love.
When I with Ellen wass the skies,
And meet my soul with honor.

Obituary—Country Paper.

☞ Mrs. FRANCES ANN KEMBLE is announced to give a series of readings in Pittsburg, to commence on the 31st inst.

☞ The admirers of the late Rev. Dr. Chalmers are contributing to the erection of a memorial to him at Auchterlher, in Fife, the place of his birth. The memorial is to consist of a handsome Gothic church with a lofty tower.

☞ Sidney Smith said there were three things of which every man fancied he could do—farm a small property, drive a gig, and write an article.

☞ It is said that $1,000 are freely offered in San Francisco for cadets to take the fee house.

☞ Sulphur is said to be extensively used in preparation, which will be duly tested from the press of the Harpers, its transatlantic publishers.

☞ Stockdean, the Post Master at Augusta County, Virginia, convicted of robbing the mail, has been sentenced by the Circuit Court of the United States, D. C., to serve out his term of two years.

☞ In the church of St. Andrew, in Madrid, is preserved a phial containing the blood of our Saviour, taken up with a sponge by a Roman centurion at the time of the crucifixion—or at least they say it was.

☞ "Never go to France," says Hood, "unless you know the lingo." The property of this advice is well illustrated in an anecdote related to me recently by a friend, of an Englishman, who being hard run for a cab at the "Jardin des Plantes," in Paris, during a sudden shower, rushed out and called a "cocher," or driver; but his almost total ignorance was so bad that the "cad" understood him to say "a cocoa-nut," whereat ensued a speedy lost and fatiguify.

☞ A protest against annexation at Montreal has received about two hundred signatures. The editor of the paper at it has about twelve hundred names. He is confident in the feeling of the majority, but, to be in favor of a confirmed mind with Great Britain.

☞ An anecdote is told of a London milk-boy, who, having overturned his milk-pail by accident, was comforted by the assurance that there is plenty of good water and really at hand for the manufacture of a fresh supply. "Ah," said the boy, "that's all very well, but you have not got any cream."

☞ Liebig, the distinguished German chemist, is positively coming to this country, and soon, too, though the precise date is uncertain. Republicanism and its disturbances in Germany interfere with him, and so he has determined to escape them for a time by paying a visit to America, with the hope of benefiting his health.

☞ The value of vessels now at San Francisco, and in the interior harbors of California, is immense, probably equal to $2,000,000 or $4,000,000, and before the winter months set in, there will probably be four or five hundred vessels, mostly perhaps $5,000 each, in the waters of California, unprotected, and at the mercy of the winds and waves. According to Commodore Voorhees, a fire or gale would destroy nearly the whole of them.

☞ What manufacturers must encourage petty larceny! The men who make the public steel pens for their living, and say they do some.

☞ Pope Pius has prescribed five works of religious character, which are now in the hands of all Italians, and which relate to the Catholic religion.

☞ It is hard for man to amass riches by toiling in his shop, while there is a leakage at home in his kitchen. "What a small kitchen!" exclaimed Queen Elizabeth, after going through a handsome mansion. "It is by having so small a kitchen," replied the owner, "that I am able to keep so large a house."

☞ A contemporary says: "If you cannot inspire a woman with love for you, fill her above the brim with love for herself, and all that runs over will be yours."

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 22.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 900 head. Prices ranged from $3 50 to 6 75 per 100 lbs. Hogs—There were about 300 head in the market, and all sold from $5 to 5 25 per 100 lbs. Sheep—About 300 sold as follows: $2 25 to 3 for fresh, $3 to 3 25 for ewes, 3½ to 4 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former is at $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—Offered, 1600 Beeves, 1800 from the South, the remainder from this State and the East. 75 Cows and Calves, and 6300 Sheep and Lambs. Beeves—Owing to the severe weather to-day, the market opened rather dull. There was a fair number of Cattle on sale, and the prices ranged at from $3 50 to $7 50 per cwt. for good retaining qualities. From the appearance of the yard, when the reporter left, it was probable about 200 head would be left unsold—most of. Cows and Calves have been in better supply, with a demand not active enough to clear the market, however, to being left over undisposed of. Sales were made at prices ranging from six to eighty dollars per head. Sheep and Lambs continue very dull. Prices do not materially vary from the figures of last week. Sales of Sheep at $1 50@3 75 to $3. Lambs $1@2 to $3 25. Left over, 200. Hogs—Lower in lots at $5@5 25 per cwt. Sales were made with a moderate supply of the same.

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1849.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON'S WATER	MOON'S PHASES
27 Saturday,	6 44	5 16	10 56	
28 Sunday,	6 45	5 15	11 56	D. M. M.
29 Monday,	6 46	5 14	12 34	
30 Tuesday,	6 48	5 12	1 17	Full 2 12 43
31 Wednesday,	6 49	5 11	2 04	3 07 55
1 Thursday,	6 51	5 9	2 54	New 16 12 26
2 Friday,	6 52	5 8	3 49	First 24 4 49
3 Saturday,	6 53	5 7	4 41	Full 31 12 2

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock
Oct. 14,	59	70	63
15,	57	67	62
16,	53	65	70
17,	58	71	66
18,	57	68	59
19,	51	59	61
20,	52	58	63

Marriages.

On Sunday, the 17th inst. according to the order of Friends, ABEL R. LITTLE, to ANNA, daughter of Benjamin Peterson, both of this city.

On the 30 inst. by the Rev. Benjamin Tompleton, Mr. THOMAS C. HALL, to Miss JANE JOHNSON, both of Virginia.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Henry E. Montgomery, Dr. JAMES MCCLELLAND, United States Navy, to ANNE, daughter of the late Hon. Joseph Hemphill of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Hopper, Mr. WILLIAM H. GRAHAM, to Miss ELIZABETH REBECCA C. MAIZE, of this city.

On the 12th inst by the Rev. Joseph Y. Cooper, Mr. JOHN SEGAR, to Miss REBECCA WILKINSON, of Kensington.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Henry D. Moore, Mr. FRANCIS S. RAY, of Newark, Del. to CATHARINE A. daughter of the late Dr. A. B. Lowrey, of New Brunswick, N. J.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. WILLIAM H. HOWARD, to Miss ANN MARIA DUCKETT.

On the 14th inst by the Rev. Thos. H. Quinan, Mr. HENRY T. MOORE, to Miss ELIZABETH M. KAUFMAN, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 9th of Aug. by George Appleton, Esq., Mr. CHARLES HOUGHTON, son of Joseph Hedgway, Esq. of Cockermouth, to Miss HARRIET HOUGH, daughter of Bernegat, Monmouth county, N. J.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. RICHARD B. JOHNSON, to Miss SUSAN MARTIN.

Deaths.

On the 26th inst. JOHN MURRAY, aged 38 years.
On the 17th inst. Mr. JOHN MCCLOSKEY, aged 28.
On the 17th inst. Mr. WM. JOHNSTON, aged 28.
On the 16th inst. JANE CURTIS, daughter of Wm. and Mary Curtis, aged 2 years.
On the 16th inst. Mr. GEORGE GERHOE, aged 53.
On the 17th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH HOLLINGSWORTH, aged 60 years.
On the 17th inst. Mrs. JANE HOLMES, aged 80.
On the 17th inst. Mrs. ANN MARIA, aged 37.
On the 17th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Thomas Tunnell, aged 40 years.
On the 17th inst. ANNIE, daughter of Wm. and Mary Truman, aged 4 years.
On the 15th inst. SAMUEL, brother of Daniel Hill.
On the 15th inst. Mrs. ANN SMITH, aged 4 months.
On the 15th inst. ANNA MARIA, aged 11 months.
On the 15th inst. ANNA MARIA, aged 11 months.
On the 15th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Hughes Morris.
At Milwaukie, Wisconsin, on the 5th inst. Theodosia Amanda, daughter of Dr. Edward and Eliza Catlin, aged 2 years, 9 months and 5 days.
On the 16th inst. JANE, wife of Wm. Graham, aged 50 years.
On the 13th inst. at his residence, in Smyrna, Del. David Cain, late of Germantown, Pa. aged 82.
On the 17th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Wm. Hall, a native of Bordeaux, France, aged 47 years.
On the 17th inst. Mr. JOHN, son of John and Maria A. Bastian, aged 4 months.
On the 15th inst. AMARILDA HENRIES, daughter of Jacob and Angeline Henries, aged 3 years and 5 months.
On the 15th inst. PETER CRICHTON, aged 24 years.
On the 15th inst. HANNAH, daughter of Hiram and Sarah Horner, aged 8 months.
On the 16th inst. STEPHEN HAMMELL, aged 56.
On the 16th inst. LOUIS, son of Louis Lachaill, aged 3 years.
On the 16th inst. IGNATIUS BAIL, aged 72 years.
On the 16th inst. Mr. HENRY GREISTER.
On the 16th inst. HENRY, son of James Wilkinson, aged 28 years.
On the 17th inst. WM. HENRY, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Lacroix, aged 23 months.
On the 7th inst. Mrs. ELIZA HUDSON, aged 47 years.
On the 8th inst. ROBERT EVANS, aged 25 years.
On the 8th inst. Mrs. ANN WILLIAMS, aged 30.
On the 9th inst. MARY ELIZA, wife of Benjamin W. and Mary J. Ward, aged 6 weeks.
On the 9th inst. EDWIN CARR, son of John and Jane Henry, aged 1 months.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 15th to the 20th Oct.

Oct. 13, received from

T. E. Morris	$2 00	Mrs. M. Tolbert	2 00
J. Chesterton	4 00	J. Penn	1 00
T. J. Ballard	1 00	W. Hall	1 00
G. Bunn	1 00	J. Stoddard	1 00
W. H. Zeller	5 00	J. Dunlap	1 00
T. B. Peterson	50	E. Chester & Co.	2 00
C. W. Hepburn	1 00	Capt. O. H. Savoonin	7 00
J. Hall	1 00	Capt. J. Hall	1 00
E. Fanning	1 00	Mrs. E. T. Wilmer	2 00
Dr. J. Longstreth	2 00	B. C. Morrell & Co.	10 00
P. O. Wilson	2 00		

October 15.

Capt. S. Torrens	1 00	L. Kirk	6 25
J. J. Wood	1 00	S. Barrett	6 25
Dr. Partridge	1 00	B. B. Wells	25 00
Dr. Gunnison	1 00	J. Wells	6 25
Gunnison	1 00	J. M. Stoddard	1 00
Mrs. H. C. Leland	1 00	J. Broughton	1 00
Mrs. Dudley	1 00	H. Cartwright	1 00
Dr. J. Hutchock	1 00	M. J. Hutchock	1 00
Dr. Hutchock	1 00	Dr. J. Hutchock	1 00
H. S. L. Willard	1 00	Miss L. Kisbury	1 00
J. W. Hancock	1 00	Miss E. Kisbury	1 00
L. A. Williams	2 00	D. W. Lesher & Co.	10 00
J. Sibery	2 00	H. C. Morgan & Co.	10 00

October 16.

D. Cook	2 00	T. G. Weston	2 00
W. C. Ashe	1 00	Dr. D. Dane	2 00
J. Sargent	1 00	Dr. Hutchock	2 00
J. B. Allen	1 00	Mrs. C. A. Mellvaine	2 00
J. H. Lewis	1 00	Mrs. W. C. Patton	2 00
M. C. Dixon	1 00	C. D. Harvey & Co.	20 00
A. L. F. Vanin	1 00	T. P. Kenely, Jr.	2 00

October 17.

T. Tomlinson	1 00	J. A. Galbreath	1 00
Miss M. B. Berger	1 00	A. G. Ferguson	10 00
Mrs. E. B. Hodges	1 00	A. Ferguson	10 00
J. Derrickson	1 00	W. C. Taylor	1 00
J. Wilson	1 00	Mrs. Hayes	1 00
J. Wyer	12 94	C. Rose	1 00
W. A. Chappell	1 00	Miss H. Davis	2 00
W. B. Merrell	1 00	Miss E. Davis	2 00
S. C. Allen	10 00	Mrs. W. S. Davis	2 00
W. Marriott	1 00	Dr. J. J. Warren	10 00

October 18.

R. Leesdom	2 00	J. Lewis	5 00
T. Thompson	2 00	J. Cummings	2 00
W. Carpenter	4 00	C. Allen	1 00
G. Cutin	1 00	E. C. Taylor	1 00
J. Gilbert	1 00	Mrs. E. Taylor	1 00
W. Massey	1 00	J. Pennebecker	1 00
W. Massey	1 00	J. Cheshire	1 00
J. Lodman	1 00	J. Shaw	1 00
J. Lodman	1 00	J. Cook	1 00
J. Walker	1 00	J. Bryant	1 00
W. Worrell	1 00	J. Elliott	1 00
W. J. Isaacs	1 00	A. C. Dougherty	1 00
J. Cooper	1 00	Mrs. S. J. Tate	1 00
W. Moore	1 00	W. Elkon & Co.	10 00

October 19.

W. W. Ingram	100 00	W. G. Ford	10 00
H. H. Allen	1 00	J. Shields	5 00
J. Hutchinson	1 00	J. Shields	5 00
Judge J. Cooke	1 00	Dr. J. McClintock	1 00
Dr. J. Longstreth	2 00	J. Bryant	1 00
J. Newberry	4 00	M. Howard	2 00
J. H. Van Dusen	1 00	H. B. Lawes	2 00
J. Van Dusen	1 00	W. H. Mennin	1 00
J. H. Foster	5 00	W. H. McDonough & Co.	10 00

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, *No. 56 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, October 27, 1849.

PENNSYLVANIA		**VERMONT**	
Philadelphia banks	par	Bank of the State	2 dis
U. S bank notes	1 dis	All solvent banks	1 dis
Exchange	par	**CONNECTICUT**	
Tradesmen's bk	par	All solvent banks	1 dis
Chambersburg	1 dis	**MASSACHUSETTS**	
Erie	1 dis	All solvent banks	1 dis
Lucks county	no sale	**RHODE ISLAND**	
Gettysburg	1 dis	All solvent banks	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis	**CANADA.**	
Harrisburg	no sale	Montreal	4 dis
Lancaster	1 dis	**VIRGINIA**	
Pittsburg	1 dis	Bk of Va. & branches	1 dis
Philadelphia	1 dis	Exchange Bk branches	1 dis
Washington	1 dis	Farmers' Bk branches	1 dis
Susquehannah county	11 dis	Wheeling	1 dis
Towanda	no sale	**NORTH CAROLINA**	
Susquehannah	1 dis	All solvent banks	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis	**SOUTH CAROLINA**

Selected Poetry.

TO ****.

FROM THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

It was a summer eve when last before thee
I stood and looked upon thy loveliness;
The twilight glories shed their hale o'er thee,
And the low winds played in each wavy tress;
Most beautiful thou stood'st amid the waning light,
The first young star that eve upon the brow of night!

I could not speak—to dim tears then were rusting—
For that deep woe could find no outward sign;
I only felt that then and I were parting,
I and the idol of my fond heart's shrine—
That we were doomed in youth's first blush to sever—
Alas for love! to part, perhaps, forever!

The evening light that loved to kiss thy tresses,
Faded away far in the glowing sky;
The summer breezes ceased their soft caresses,
Yet still I lingered, for they said they
Looked kindly on me; my spirit seemed to borrow
From its pale glance a gleam of hope for the morrow!

The night came on—the gentle moon look'd kindly
O'er the glad earth—the parting hour was come!
I took thy hand, and gazed, but oh how blindly,
Into those eyes. I was as one struck dumb!
I would have told—but no! no word was spoken,
How nearly then my loving heart was broken!

Oh, from my heart, in earnest words came gushing
My life's one thought—how I had loved thee long—
But far too madly through my soul was rushing
A tide of love enutterably strong;
And though one word would sometimes wildly banter
Up from its depths, I dared no whisper utter

Be silently—long, long ago we parted,
When manic breathed from each green leafy limb;
And I looked back—how sad, how lonely hearted!
To thee yet standing in the twilight dim—
As one, who, doomed from childhood's home to sever,
Gazes once more ere leaving all forever!

And there thou stood'st—the moonlight falling round thee,
Kissing thy cheek, and brow, and wavy hair;
The deep-leaved tree bent down as to surround thee
In its embrace; and faint upon the air
Came a low sound, as if the boughs were wreathing
One last "farewell" in that deep-murmured breathing!

My heart has learned to storms and wintry weather,
And chilling blasts of worldliness since then,
But 'tis all vain—that memory will gather
Those hours of soft, yet mournful tenderness!
Has come to cheer me—oh, how oft again!
Ah, but then too remembered our last meeting,
Or felt my hand's warm grasp—the fail heart's fondest greeting!

Or hast thou all forgotten it, and only
Dream of me now when thoughts of mine days
Come to thy memory in those moments lonely
Which all must feel—and then, through that dim haze,
Faintly, half seen, like some pale apparition,
My image comes into thy mental vision?

If this be so, then lady, and forever,
One cast that form from even thy inmost mind—
'Twere better far the last false thought should sever,
Than linger THUS where all my hopes are shrined!
'Twere better to forget when hope has perished,
Than sad to thine to have my memory cherished!

Bonaventure, Aug. 5, 1849.

Pictures of Life.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

A few weeks after the lucky termination of the Sandford affair,* I was engaged in the investigation of a remarkable case of burglary, accompanied by homicide, which had just occurred at the residence of Mr. Bagshawe, a gentleman of competent fortune, situated within a few miles of Kendal, in Westmoreland. The particulars forwarded to the London police authorities by the local magistracy, were chiefly these:

Mr. Bagshawe, who had been some time absent at Leamington, Warwickshire, with his entire establishment, wrote to Sarah King—a young woman left in charge of the house and property—to announce his own speedy return, and, at the same time directing her to have a particular bed-room aired, and other household matters arranged for the reception of his nephew, Mr. Robert Bristowe, who, having just arrived from abroad, would, he expected, leave London immediately for Five Oaks' House. The positive arrival of this nephew had been declared to several tradesmen of Kendal, by King, early in the day preceding the night of the murder and robbery; and by her directions, butcher-meat, poultry, fish and so on, had been sent by them to Five Oaks for his table. The lad who carried the fish home, stated that he had seen a strange young gentleman in one of the sitting-rooms on the ground floor through the half-opened door of the apartment. On the following morning it was discovered that Five Oaks' House had been, not, indeed, broken *into*, but broken *out of*. This was evident from the state of the door fastenings, and the servant woman barbarously murdered. The neighbour found her lying quite dead and cold at the foot of the principal staircase, clothed only in her night gown and stockings, and with a fat chamber candlestick tightly grasped in her right hand. It was conjectured that she had been roused from sleep by some noise below, and having descended to ascertain the cause, had been mercilessly slain by the disturbed burglars. Mr. Bagshawe arrived on the following day, and it was then found that not only a large amount of plate, but between three and four thousand pounds in gold and notes,—the produce of Government stocks, sold out about two months previously,—had been carried off. The only person, except his niece, who lived with him, that knew there was this sum in the house was his nephew, Robert Bristowe, to whom he had written, directing a letter to the Hudsons-bay Hotel, London, stating that the sum for the long contemplated purchase of Ryland's had been for some time lying idle at Five Oaks, as he had wished to consult him upon his bargain before finally concluding it. This Mr. Robert Bristowe was now nowhere to be seen or heard of, and what seemed to confirm beyond a doubt the—to Mr. Bagshawe and his niece—torturing, horrifying suspicion, that this nephew was the burglar and assassin, a portion of the identical letter written to him by his uncle was found in one of the offices! And as he was nowhere to be met with or heard of in the neighborhood of Kendal, it was surmised that he must have returned to London with his booty; and a full description of his person, and the name he went on, as given by the landlord's boy, was sent to London by the authorities. They also forwarded for our use and assistance, one Josiah Barnes, a sly, sharp, vagabond-sort of fellow, who had been apprehended on suspicion, chiefly, or rather wholly, because of his former intimacy with the unfortunate Sarah King, who had discarded him, it seemed, on account of his incorrigibly *idle*, and, in other respects, disreputable habits. The *whole* he set up, was, however, as clear and decisive, that he was lost a few hours in custody; and he now exhibited great zeal for the discovery of the murderer of the woman to whom he had, to the extent of his perverted instincts, been sincerely attached. He *did* find at the festivals of the humbler Kendalese assembled, tumbled, ventriloquized at their tavern orgies; and had he not been so very highly-gifted, might, there was little doubt, have earned a decent living as a carpenter, to which profession his father, by dint of much exertion, had about half-bred him. His principal use to us was, that he was acquainted with the features of Mr. Robert Bristowe; and accordingly, as soon as I had received my commission and instructions, I started off with him to the Hummums Hotel, Covent Garden. In answer to my inquiries, it was stated that Mr. Robert Bristowe had left the hotel a week previously, without settling his bill—which was, however, of very small amount, as he usually paid every evening—and had not since been heard of; neither had he taken his luggage with him.—That was safe, though the person stated would have given him ample time to reach Westmoreland on the day it was stated he *had* arrived there.

"What dress did he wear when he left?"

"That which he usually wore; a foraging-cap with a gold band, a blue military surtout coat, light trousers and Wellington boots!"

The precise dress described by the fashionable's errand-boy! We next proceeded to the Bank of England, to ascertain if any of the sixteen notes had been presented for payment. I handed in a list of the numbers furnished by Mr. Bagshawe, and was politely informed that they had all been cashed early the day before by a gentleman in a sort of undress uniform, and wearing a foraging-cap. Lieutenant James was the name endorsed upon them; and the address, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, was, of course, a fictitious one. The cashier doubted if he should be able to swear to the person of the gentleman who changed the notes, but he had particularly noticed his dress. I returned to Scotland Yard to report progress; and it was then determined to issue bills descriptive of Bristowe's person, and offering a considerable reward for his apprehension, or such information as might lead to it; but the order had scarcely been issued, when who should we see walking deliberately down the yard towards the Police Office, but Mr. Robert Bristowe himself, dressed precisely as before described! I had just time to caution the inspector not to betray any suspicion, but to hear his story, and let him quietly depart, and to sign with Josiah Barnes out of sight, when he entered, and made a formal but most confused complaint of having been robbed something more than a week previously—where or by whom he knew not—and afterwards deceived, bamboozled and led astray in his pursuit of the robbers, by a person whom he now suspected to be a confederate with them. Even of this latter personage he could afford no tangible information! and the inspector, having quietly listened to his statement—intended, doubtless, as a mystification—told him the police should make inquiries, and wished him good morning. As soon as he had turned out of Scotland Yard by the street leading to the Strand, I was upon his track. He walked slowly on, but without pausing, till he reached the Saracen's Head, Snow-Hill, where, to my great astonishment, he booked himself for Westmoreland by the night-coach. He then walked into the city, and seating himself in the coffee-room, called for a pint of sherry wine and some biscuits. He was now safe for a short period at any rate; and I was about to take a turn in the street, just to meditate upon the most advisable course of action, when I espied three buckishly-attired, bold-faced looking fellows,—one of whom I thought I recognized, spite of his change of dress—enter the booking-office. Naturally anxious in my vocation, I approached as closely to the door as I could without being observed, and heard one of them—my acquaintance, sure enough; I could not be deceived in that voice—ask the clerk if there were any vacant places in the night-coach to Westmoreland. To Westmoreland! Why, what in the name of Mercury could a detachment of the swell-mob be wanting in that country of furze and friezo-coats? The next sentence uttered by my friend, as he placed the money for the three insides to Kendal on the counter was equally, or perhaps more puzzling:

"Is the gentleman who entered the office just now,—him with a foraging-cap, I mean,—to be our fellow-passenger?"

"Yes, he booked himself;" and has, I think, since gone into the house."

"Thank you: good-morning."

I had barely time to slip aside into one of the passages, when the three gentlemen came out of the office, paused for a few swaggered out into the yard. Vague undefined suspicions at once beset me relative to the connection of these worthies with the "foraging-cap" and the doings at Kendal. There was evidently something in all this more than natural, if police philosophy could but find it out. I resolved at all events to try and in order to have a chance of doing so, I determined to be of the party, nothing doubting that I should be able, in some way or other, to make one in whatever game they intended playing. I in my turn entered the booking-office, and found there were still two places vacant, secured them both for James Jenkins and Josiah Barnes, countrymen and friends of mine returning to the "North countries."

I returned to the coffee-room, where Mr. Bristowe was still seated, apparently in deep and anxious meditation, and wrote a note, with which I despatched the inn-porter. I had now ample leisure for observing the suspected burglar and assassin. He was a pale, intellectual-looking, and withal handsome young man, of about twenty-two or twenty years of age, of slight but well-knit frame, and with the decided air—travel-stained and jaded as he appeared—of a gentleman. He was not a confederate with them. Even of this latter personage he could afford no tangible information! and the inspector, having quietly listened to his statement—intended, doubtless, as a mystification—told him the police should make inquiries, and wished him good morning. As soon as he had turned out of Scotland Yard by the street leading to the Strand, I was upon his track. He walked slowly on, but without pausing, till he reached the Saracen's Head, Snow-Hill, where, to my great astonishment, he booked himself for Westmoreland by the night-coach. He then walked into the inn, and seating himself in the coffee-room, called for a pint of sherry wine and some biscuits. He was now safe for a short period at any rate; and I was about to take a turn in the street, just to meditate upon the most advisable course of action, when I espied three buckishly-attired, bold-faced looking fellows,—one of whom I thought I recognized, spite of his change of dress—enter the booking-office. Naturally anxious in my vocation, I approached as closely to the door as I could without being observed, and heard one of them—my acquaintance, sure enough; I could not be deceived in that voice—ask the clerk if there were any vacant places in the night-coach to Westmoreland. To Westmoreland! Why, what in the name of Mercury could a detachment of the swell-mob be wanting in that country of furze and frieze-coats? The next sentence uttered by my friend, as he placed the money for the three insides to Kendal on the counter was equally, or perhaps more puzzling:

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"Why, what, in the name of all that's comical, is the meaning of this?" demanded Mr. Bristowe, laughing immoderately at my changed appearance.

I briefly and coolly informed him; and he was for some minutes overwhelmed with consternation and astonishment. He had not, he said, even heard of the catastrophe at his uncle's. Still, amazed and bewildered as he was, on sign which I could interpret into an indication of guilt escaped him.

"I do not wish to obtrude upon your confidence, Mr. Bristowe," I remarked, after a long pause; "but you must perceive that unless the circumstances I have related to you are in some way explained, you stand in a perilous predicament."

"You are right," he replied, after some hesitation. "*It is* a tangled web; still, I doubt not that some mode of vindicating my perfect innocence will present itself."

He then relapsed into silence; and neither of us spoke again till the coach stopped, in accordance with a previous intimation I had given the coachman, opposite the gate of the Kendal prison. Mr. Bristowe, started, and changed color, but instantly recovered his emotion, he calmly said, "You of course but perform your duty; mine is not to distrust a just and all-seeing Providence."

We entered the jail, and the necessary search of his clothes and luggage was effected as forbearingly as possible. To my great surprise we found amongst the money in his purse a Spanish gold piece of a peculiar coinage, and in the lining of his portmanteau, very dexterously hidden, a cross set with brilliants, both of which I knew, by the list forwarded to the London police, formed part of the plunder carried off from Five Oaks' House. The prisoner's vehement protestations that he could not conceive how such articles came into his possession, excited a derisive smile on the face of the veteran turnkey; whilst I was thoroughly dumbfounded by the seemingly complete demolition of the theory of innocence I had been worse out of his candid open manner, and unshakeable hardihood of nerve.

"I daresay the articles came to you in your sleep!" observed the turnkey as we turned to leave the cell.

"Oh," I mechanically exclaimed, "in his sleep! I had not thought of that!" The man stared; but I had passed out of the prison before he could express his surprise or contempt in words.

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After the hearing of some minor evidence, the fishmonger's boy was called, and asked if he could point out the person he had seen at Five Oaks on the day preceding the burglary? The lad looked fixedly at the prisoner for something more than a minute without speaking, and then said, "The gentleman was standing before the fire when I saw him, with his cap on; I should like to see this person wear his cap on before I say anything."

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Transformed by the aid of a flaxen wig, broad-brimmed hat, green spectacles, and a multiplicity of waistcoats and shawls, into a hearty and elderly, well-to-do personage, I took my way with Josiah Barnes—whom I had previously thoroughly drilled as to speech and behavior towards our companions—to the Saracen's Head a few minutes previous to the time for starting. We found Mr. Bristowe already seated, but the "three friends," I observed, were curiously looking on, desirous no doubt of ascertaining who were to be their fellow-travellers before venturing to coop themselves up in a space so narrow, and, under certain circumstances, so difficult of egress. My appearance and that of Barnes—who, mouth to say, looked much more of a simpleton than he really was—quite reassured them, and in they jumped with confident alacrity. A few minutes afterwards the "all right" of the attending ostlers gave signal for departure, and away we started.

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at several suspicious-looking places, my officious friend all at once discovered that the thieves had left town for the west of England, hoping, doubtless, to reach a large town, and get gold for the notes before the news of their having been stopped should have reached it. He insisted upon immediate pursuit. I wished to return to the hotel for a change of clothes, as I was but lightly clad, and night-travelling required warmer apparel.—This he would not hear of, as the night coach was on the point of starting. He, however, contrived to supply me from his own resources with a great-coat—a sort of policeman's cape—and a rough travelling-cap, which tied under the chin. In due time we arrived at Bristol, where I was kept for several days loitering about; till, finally, my guide decamped, and I returned to London. An hour after arriving there, I gave information at Scotland Yard of what had happened, and afterwards booked myself by the night coach for Kendal. This is all I have to say."

This strange story did not produce the slightest effect upon the bench, and very little upon the auditory, and yet I felt satisfied it was strictly true. It was not half ingenious enough for a made-up story. Mr. Bagshawe, I should have stated, had been led out of the justice-hall immediately after he had finished his deposition.

"Then, Mr. Bristowe," said the magistrate's clerk, "in assuming this curious narrative to be correct, you will be understood to admit as much as *this*:"

"I have thought ever that, Mr. Clerk," returned the prisoner, mildly, "and must confess that, remembering how I was dressed and wrapped up—that I saw but few persons, and those casually and hoodly, I have strong misgivings of my power to do so."

"That is perhaps the less to be lamented," replied the county clerk, in a sneering tone, "inasmuch as the possession of those articles," pointing to the cross and coin on the table, "would necessitation of the theory of innocence I have woven out of his candid open manner, and unshakeable hardihood of nerve.

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* Part of September 9th.

Wit and Humor.

HOW "J. Y. H." PLAYED DUMMY.

BY JERRY MORSE.

My readers, I presume—or at least, most of them—are familiar with the humorous sketches of "J. Y. H.," who, for the last four or five years has contributed much to the amusement of the lovers of "fun." A mad wag is J. Y. H., and excessively fond of a practical joke, especially when he is not the "butt of it." A more jovial companion, and mirth-provoking detailer of side-splitting yarns, I wot not of. But with all this, "Jack," as he is familiarly called by his friends, has one fault. He is a most unconscionable monopolist of conversation, and so exhaustless are the resources of his wit, that I verily believe he could talk till doom-day, and, like "Old Virginny, never tire."

Well, a few evenings since, Jack, and two or three other friends, among whom was the writer of this, were comfortably seated in the "American," all leisurely imbibing a most delightful lemonade. Of course, we never "smile" upon any thing stronger. Jack was in one of his happiest moods, and talked more glibly than usual. In vain the other members of the party essayed to pay a "thing or two." Not a word could be got in, even edgeways. At length "one of us," who seemed almost bursting with a good thing, rallied the "aforesaid" on his mock talking. This he seemed to take in high dudgeon, and most solemnly protested that he was the most taciturn individual West of the Alleghenies.

"Why," he continued, "I'll bet any man a supper for the party, that I can pass through twenty-four consecutive hours without uttering a word in the presence of a living soul."

"I'll take that bet," replied Mr. F., whereupon the parties confirmed the wager by a hearty shaking of hands, and then proceeded to the arrangement of preliminaries.

Accordingly, at the hour of 11 A. M., on the appointed day, Jack presented himself—for, being his guard, I held him in a most rigid captivity—proceeded to the mail boat, and before the fatal hour of 12 arrived our fare was paid, berths secured, and poor Jack ready to put a "bridle upon his tongue," for the distressingly long period of twenty-four hours.

The bell has sounded its last round, the "lookers-on" are rushing for the shore, and now the deep breathing, puffing steam pipe is heard, and the majestic "palace of the waters" is moving gracefully down the Ohio. My friend Jack has collected a crowd of eager listeners around him, and is in the midst of one of his best yarns, when lo!

"A sudden trembling shakes his frame,"

his jaw drops, his eyes roll, and a melancholy despairing shade passes over his countenance.

"What has caused this great emotion?"

Why has the rattling tongue of the humorist so suddenly ceased to wag?

"The iron tongue of Time has tolled twelve," the fatal hour has arrived, and, henceforth, for the space of a whole day and night, poor Jack is forbidden to speak. Quickly observing the astonishment which his conduct excited among his auditors, and fearing to be questioned, he waved his right hand, and moved away as solemnly as an Indian chief.

"In the name of reason," asked one of the crowd, "what can be the matter with your friend ?"

"Oh, he is only in one of his fits," I gravely replied.

"Is he often thus?" sympathetically asked another.

"Quite often," I replied, "I have seen him, while an admiring crowd were eagerly listening to one of his stories, stop short in the midst of a sentence, and leave the company without uttering another word."

"'Tis very strange. What a pity!" continued one of my interrogators.

I remained not to answer, however, but proceeded to watch the movements of my captive.—He retired to his state room and locked the door after him. I followed in quick pursuit, and applying my ear close to the door, listened attentively. I heard a low murmuring within, which, at first, I was unable to understand. In a few moments, however, I could easily distinguish the oft-repeated words, "Jack, Jack!"

"Well," said he, "if this doesn't beat all. Wonder if any body hears me. Guess not—any how, I don't see any body, and am not responsible. Oh, Jehoshephat! if ever I'm caught in such another scrape. I'd give fifty dollars to be safe on shore. Sarah that story I was telling you I've made the bet, and I'll 'face the music,' if it kills me."

I tapped the door with my knuckles, and instantly all within was silent as the grave.

At length the dinner hour approached, and I returned to the cabin to inform Jack, and to inform him of the fact, and suggested the difficulties that might arise in giving orders to the waiters. Upon this Mr. H. drew a pencil and a slip of paper from his pocket and set down a list of his favorite viands, and desired to call for. The list was then shown to Jack, and he took out pencils together. A waiter approached Mr. H., and politely desired to be informed with what he should provide him. Jack turned to me and pointed to the list of viands with which he had furnished me. The first article was "ham and eggs." I called my friend, whereupon, like an Israelite, he has a perfect horror of pork! Knowing this full well, I informed the waiter that Mr. H. would take pork! Oh, what a glance Jack gave me when he heard my order. Yet he dared not speak to correct my wilful mistake, and he was bound to consume the pork.—And so on throughout the progress of the dinner, I cruelly continued to order the wrong dishes for poor Mr. H., and compelled him to eat them, or arise from the table half fed. This latter course, in his despair, he was compelled to take; for I imposed upon him such a dose of cabbage, cucumbers, &c., that he arose in disgust, and stalked gloomily away. Poor Jack! I sincerely pitied him then, from the bottom of my heart—I did.

Dinner over, and that ordeal being thus passed, Jack began to hope that he would escape all further annoyance until supper, when a nervous looking man approached, and thus accosted him—

"Pleasant day, sir. I hope this fine weather will have a favorable effect on the cholera."

Jack acted affirmatively, but made no reply. The stranger continued—

"From Cincinnati, I presume. Dreadful time there. Do you think the cholera is contagious?"

The self-constituted "dummy" could not safely abide in the vapor any longer, so he hastily arose. I then respectfully left the nervous-looking man, without deigning to answer his questions. The stranger was astounded, and turning to me, asked what could be the matter with "that man."

"He is suffering with a severe diarrhea," I replied.—"I fear he won't live many hours; yet he persists in walking about. He is now approaching the worst stages of cholera."

"My God!" exclaimed the nervous gentleman, and rushing to the lady's cabin, informed his wife and all others, that the cholera was on board—a man dying with it—in the last agonies.

In an instant all was confusion and alarm among the passengers, especially the ladies. The Captain was called, and requested by the nervous gentleman, who was joined by all the ladies and several other timid men, to put my poor friend Jack instantly on shore. But the humane officer protested against so brutal a proceeding in the most earnest tones.

"You would not," said he, "have the poor man put on shore to die without assistance."

"Then put us off!" cried the alarmed crowd; "put us off! Quickly, for God's sake, Captain, put us off."

At this moment "J. Y. H." was seen approaching the crowd. The nervous man caught a view of him, and, pointing towards him, exclaimed, at the top of his voice—

"There he is—there he is—keep away, don't come here, or we shall all die."

But Jack continued to approach, whereupon the nervous man, followed by half-a-dozen women, rushed frantically into the ladies' cabin, and firmly secured the door after them. And now the afflicted "dummy" was surrounded by a score of excited individuals, some eagerly demanding how he felt, how long since he was taken, &c.; while half-a-dozen were begging him to take some cholera nostrum, which they assured him would do him good. Poor Jack was perfectly confounded, and stood amid the crowd, looking for all the world like a culprit about to take his last leap at the end of a rope.

"Take a few drops," said one.

"Are you much cramped?" asked another.

"Let us rub him," progressed a third; and in a moment three or four stout men were proceeding to the performance of this benevolent suggestion, when the patience of poor Jack gave way, and, dashing his hat furiously against the floor, he cried—

"Go to the mischief, you infernal fools! Don't you know I'm dumb?"

A roar of laughter from the Captain (who was in the secret of the bet,) and myself followed this explosion. The crowd began to "smell a rat," and a more blank set of countenances was never seen on the shoulders of men; while poor Jack, unable to control his vexation, raved like a madman. His good nature soon overcame him, and he explained to the passengers over a glass of lemonade the nature of the bet, which had led to so much *confusion*. If "J. Y. H." didn't do "some talking" during the remainder of our voyage, then there is no truth in man.—*The Great West.*

VERDANCY.

We listened, says an exchange, not long ago, to a short dialogue between a "wag" of Gotham, and a six foot "green 'un" from Vermont, which was, almost word for word, as follows:—

Scene—Hotel. *Steps to Boston.*

Wag—[Approaching "Lege" with a bland countenance]—You are from Vermont, I take it, sir?

Lege—I am, sir.

Wag—You have very green mountains in your State?

Lege—Yes, sir—the mountains are rather green. [Considerable accent on "mountains," and emphasis on "are."]

Wag—Very high, too.

Lege—Yes, sir—rather. And there's another circumstance about 'em that 'peaps you never noticed.

Wag—Ah! what's that?

Lege—Why—between any two of 'em you are sure to find a valley.

Wag—[A little disconcerted]—Your soil is rather hard to cultivate, eh?

Lege—Why—yes—rather. But it isn't true that we are obliged to plant our corn by shooting the kernels into the cracks of the rocks with a rifle. That's a York story. *You* come from York, didn't you?

Wag—Yes—why?

Lege—Oh, nothing—it's a good State to *come from.*

Wag—[Rallying]—I say, mister—Vermont is a great State for raising *sheep*, isn't it?

Lege—[Rallying]—I say, mister—Vermont is a great State for raising *sheep*, isn't it?

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Wag—[Rallying]—I say, mister—Vermont is a great State for raising *sheep*, isn't it?

Lege